

THE
COURT
OF
St. GERMAINs:
OR, THE
Secret History

OF
The Late King JAMES and
Queen MARY.

From Their First Arrival in *France*,
to this Time.

From the French Original.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year, MDCXCV.

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THE
COURT
OF
St. GERMAINS.

THEIR *Britannic* Majesties had no sooner quitted *London*, and dispossessed themselves of Three Kingdoms, but they were received at *Paris* by all the Court. Where the *French* King, to lessen their Sorrows, endeavoured by the most engaging ways in the World, to allwage their Grief, which their separation from Enthronement might occasion; and to that effect, after he had shewn K. *James*, and the Queen his Consort, all the Demonstrations of Brotherly

therly Friendship, accompany'd with an Extraordinary Generosity, 'twas His Majesties Pleasure to make 'em partakers of all the Pleasures and most Charming Pastimes of his Court. Among the rest our Monarch propos'd to the Q. now fled to him for Succour, the Divertisements of Amorous Courtship and other Recreations, as the most acceptable means to allay the Anguish of her Troubles. Nor did the Queen, who had always an inclination leaning that way, make any great Resistance ; which extreamly pleased the King, who was not altogether insensible of a growing Kindness for her, and who had given her certain proofs of it since her arrival in *France*. Some time after their Abode at *St. Germain's*, which is the place of their Residence, the King ordered the Archbishop of *Paris*, and the Bishop of *Meaux* to visit their Majesties, and to infuse into 'em that Patience which was necessary for good Catholicks. And that Illustrious Prelate employed a World of Eloquence to make it out to the King and Queen from Examples in History, that they were not the only Princes who had lost their Crowns, and that it was a glorious thing to suffer the Crosses and Affli-

Afflictions of this Life with Constancy, and without Murmuring. Which done he took his leave, deeply smitt'n with the Merits of that Princess who had made appear so much Solidity in all her Discourse, and convinced him that the Court of *France* was not the only place that monopolized all that was worthy of Esteem and Love.

It may be therefore said, That from that very Day the Queen knew how to manage her Conquest, and preserve it: And in regard she is an *Italian*, as being the Duke of *Modena's* Daughter; and nearly related to the Pope, she carry'd her self with a great deal of Address and Artifice. Nor would the Reverend Fathers the Jesuits be silent upon such an occasion as this; every one would go to pay their Respects to their Majesties: more especially the Fathers *La Chaise* and *Bourdalon* made it a considerable part of their business, as they that took great delight to report their Observations to the King. And indeed the frequent Visits of our Monarch, the Dauphin, and all the Ladies, caused the Queen to forget a good part of her Sorrows. The Princess of *Comi*, and *Espinoi* propounded to her Hunting Matches with the

A 3

Dutchess

Dutchess of *Orleans*, who prefers Hunting before all other Sports in the World, as being frequently at the Head of the Hounds, Apparell'd like the rest of the Huntsmen.

At St. *Clou's* it was, where first they tasted those Country Pleasures, which were attended with a Ball, and a magnificent Banquet, the Violins and Haut-boys playing all the Night. The Fair Ladies who were the Ornament of that Festival, appear'd in all their Splendor. More particularly the Countess *de Roure* display'd all her Excellencies in that Charming Assembly, and in regard she is none of the most Accomplish'd Beauties, she made the best of her pleasant Humour, much more amiable than her Features. The Dauphin, who has more than ordinary kindness for her, never left her, and gave her to understand by many pretty Amorous Intimations, how much he Lov'd her; but the Princess of *Lislebonne*, and the Marchioness of *Segnalay*, who had a watchful Eye upon 'em, ever and anon would needs be interrupting the Monsieurs tender and passionate Expressions, which very much disgusted *Madam de Roure*; insomuch that she made her Complaint to the Princess of

Cónti,

Conti, who is the *Duphin's* Confident, telling her, That she was very Unfortunate to be so narrowly observed, even to the slightest of her Actions, which caused the Princess to Laugh, who in that merry fit went immediately and made the King acquainted with the Countess's Grievances. The King made himself sport with it, and because they thought the *Dauphin* far remote from any Violent Engagement, they forbore to watch him so narrowly; wherein the Court was deceived; for they found by the sequel, that the young Prince was as sensible of Love as other Men; which we shall endeavour to shew in the following Relations.

Let us return to the Queen, whom our Archbishop had not the power to forsake, without speaking of that Love which reign'd so predominantly in his Heart. But in regard that Prelates have not the Liberty which others have to express their Amorous Thoughts, the Archbishop was contented with enjoying the Presence of her who had wounded his Heart: Only Sighs and Languishing Looks were the Faithful Interpreters of his Passion, while he still observed

those measures that suited best with his Character.

But the Queen, who is expert in the Affair of Gallantry, soon Divin'd the meaning of his mute Language, as having an Inclination sufficiently prone to embrace the Sanctify'd Love of Men of the Church, which encloses within it unknown Mysteries. She had not forgot the sweet Hours she had past away with her dear Nuncio *Dada*, whom the Pope had sent into *England*, to manage his Interests. For which reason it was, that she gladly and joyfully admitted Monsieur the Archbishop's Visits, and went oftner in her Coach to hear Mass and Vespers in the Convent of the *Austin-Fryars*, attended by her Confident the Marchioness of *P — s*. Love and Devotion were in her inseparable, through a Secret Union; which usually happens in *Italy*, where the Churches are the places of meeting for the carrying on of Love Intrigues. The Respect our Prelate had for a Princess so haughty and so handsome restrain'd him from telling her what he felt for her sake. But when he bethought himself that a Person of his Character had been belov'd, those Ideas fortify'd her Hopes, and rendered him

more

more undaunted in his Enterprize. On the other side the change of her Fortune, and the Passion which a certain *English* Lord has for that Charming Princess, and her Courtly manner of answering his Caressees, perswaded the Archbishop that he had not long to sigh in vain. So that at last the happy Minute arrived, and the Archbishop made known his Tender Sentiments to his Divine *Queen*.

One Day that King *James* was at *Marly*, with the Duke of *Vendosme*, Grand Prior of *France*, the Count of *St. Maure*, and several Lords of the Court, the Archbishop, whom the *Qu* had made acquainted with it in the Morning, giving him withal to understand, with a Graceful Aire, That she should be glad of his Company in the Afternoon, being all alone at *St. Germain's*, our Archbishop, I say, upon these Encouragements, let her see by a profound Obeysance and a low Bow, that his Heart was brim-full of Joy, and that he would not fail to make the best of his Opportunity. To which purpose he ordered his Lacqueys to change their Liveries, and being himself mus- fled up in a Scarlet Cloak, that he might

in some measure disguise himself, and deceive the People, who will always be prating, especially at *Paris*, he entered the Castle, and meeting the Marchioness of P — s, who was in the Anti-Chamber with one of the Queens Maids of Honour, he gave her a Smile, as he gently push'd open the Door of the Cabinet, where our Princess sat Reading the Amours of *Henry IV.* very much wondring at his Inconstancy, and the number of his Mistresses, which made her Laugh, when she began to consider how little reason Ladies had to rely upon the Passion and Affections of Men. Monsieur, the Archbishop, after he had Saluted the Queen, opened his Heart, and gave her to understand some part of his pains. To which the Princess, beholding him with a tender Look, made answer, That she would see what might be done to render him less unhappy. Our Prelate seemed to be ravished with the Charms of her soft Expressions, and presently throwing himself at her Feet, embrac'd her knees, and kissing her hands a thousand times, protested to her that he never was so deeply in Love in his Life before. Then they laid their Heads together to consider which way they might

and might see one another, without being
 be discovered by the Court. But it was a
 red difficult matter to deceive the Hundred-
 ess Ey'd *Argus*'s which our Monarch has
 in prying about in all parts, to the end
 of that nothing may escape him that is
 he transacted in the City. At length the
 Queen told her new Lover, after she had
 ng pondered a while, That it would be the
 ch best way for him to disguise himself
 he sometimes like a Musick Master, for that
 le she being a passionate Lover of Musick,
 er neither the King her Husband, nor any
 body else would take any notice of him;
 or else like a Bookseller that brought her
 d Novels and Histories to read. This pro-
 t, posal was well approved; but the Que-
 f stion was, How to carry the Business
 neatly. To which purpose every thing
 e was just concluded upon, when a Gen-
 tleman brought the Queen Letters from
 the Countess of *Tyrconnel*, who had been
 one of her Maids of Honour, and whom
 the King had Marry'd to his Deputy of
Ireland.

The Queen was overjoy'd to hear Ty-
 dings from her dear Friend, who had
 serv'd her in several perilous occasions, no
 less sorry that she had her not then with
 her to assist her in the present Intrigue,
 being

being well assured, That that same Lady would have been a great help to her, as being one that perfectly knew how to counterfeit Devotion, and talked of nothing else but the Holy Fathers of the Church, and of their Sufferings. King *James* being returned from *Marly*, took great delight in giving the Queen an Account of the Pastime he had taken in that little Journey, and how kindly he had been entertain'd by the Duke of *Vendosme* and the Count of *St. Maure*. The good Prince related every Passage with the greatest Candor and Freedom in the World, never dreaming of the Amorous Commerce of his tender Consort, who every way endeavoured to fulfil the King her Husband's Prophecie.

For one Morning that K. *James*, then only Duke of *York*, and a Widower, was walking in the Long-Gallery next to *St. James's-Park*, with some others of the Nobility: it so fell out that he met with an Astrologer in that place. The Duke of *York* perceiving a great Throng of People gathered together, and curious to know the reason of the noise they made, went up directly to the Crowd with his Company, and asked,
What

What the matter was? At what time a Gentleman told him, That they had got among 'em a Famous Astrologer, who saw in the Face of any Man what would befall him in his Life time. This created in the Duke a desire to know his own Destiny, so that he commanded the Wizard to attend him after Dinner, which the Old South-sayer did. He excused himself however as long as he could, alledging the danger of telling Princes and Princesses their Fortunes, for that being exposed to the Capricious of Fortune as well as other Men, the Truth was not many times to be spoken.

But the unwillingness of the Astrologer encreasing the Duke of York's desire, he prest the Artist so much the more earnestly, and giving him his Hand told him witnall, *That whatever the Planets had appointed for him, he would take it in good part.* Then the Astrologer looking stedfastly in the Duke's Face, uttered this Oracle, *That if there were any Truth in the Stars, he would be in danger of Acton's Fate, whenever he should chance to see a Diana Naked in the Bath.* Upon which all the Nobility that were present fell a Laughing, and a long time after in their
Mer-

Merriments made Sport with the Astrologer and his Prediction. Some Years after this, when the thing was in a manner forgot, the D. of *York* went to the Bath, either for his Health, or for his Pleasure, and there, never dreaming of the Propheſie, by an Accident beheld a Lovely Young Lady, and of great Quality, Naked in one of the Baths, who Chid him for not withdrawing from the place, conſidering the Condition ſhe was in. So that the ſatisfaction which the Duke had in ſtaring upon a Beautiful and Charming Lady in the State of Innocence, concurr'd to make out the truth of an Unlucky Prediction.

Let us now leave K. *James II.* to blazon his new Coat of Arms, and let us endeavour to ſhew how it was enlarg'd and beautify'd by the number of his Dear Conſorts Favourites. Monſieur the Archbiſhop having upon a *St. John's Day* caſt ſeveral paſſionate Looks upon the Queen in the Church, which were obſerv'd by the Dauphin and the Duke of *Vendosme* his Minion, thoſe two Noble Perſonages, ſo ſoon as Sermon was done, went to walk in the *Louvre*, Laughing all the while at the Prelates Amours. *A very fine Buſineſs*, cry'd the

the Dauphin, You see the Ecclesiasticks are subject to the same Temptations as we are ourselves. I remember I have heard it said at Court, that the Abbot of Bois Robert shared with Cardinal Mazarine, who was a Man of a wonderful Devotion, the Favours of the Beautiful Marion de l'Orme. By my Faith, reply'd the Duke smiling, since you assure me 'tis so, I'll try to be our Archbishop's Rival: We are good Friends enough to have one Mistress between us. Go on, said the Dauphin to the Duke, clapping him upon the Shoulder, go and push on your Good Fortune, if the Conquest pleases you. This Discourse would have lasted longer, but the vast number of People that meet in the Louvre, caused our two Sparks to take Coach again, and drive from thence to the Princess of Turennes, whom they found walking in one of the Alleys in her Garden. So soon as the Dauphin saw her, What, Madam, said he, taking the fresh Air all alone? — Yes, Sir, answer'd she, I came out of my Cabinet to divert my Melancholy. What is the cause of your Disquiet, Madam, that makes you so Contemplative, reply'd the Dauphin, if we may be permitted to enquire. Oh, Sir, — reply'd the Princess, the Insensibility of your Heart will not give

give you leave to understand it. Monsieur would have unfolded his Sentiments to the Princess of *Turenne*, when the Count of *St. Maure* entered the Garden, who proposed a Game at Cards, which took up the rest of the Day very pleasantly; only the Princess could not be reconciled to her self for having gone so far in discovering her tender Affection for the Dauphin, who so ill requited it. He was so taken up with the Favours *Madam de Rourre* bestowed upon him, and whom he sincerely Loved even before she was Marry'd, when she was only one of the Dauphinesses Maids of Honour, that he very little minded the Caresses of others.

Mademoiselle de la Force, now *Mademoiselle de Rourre*, was always so full of her Wanton Tricks, and such a Coquet with all, that every time she saw the Monsieur, if he were not in Company with the Dauphiness, that Incomparable Lady had still something to say to the Dauphin so divertising, that she made him Laugh. For which reason it was that the Court gave her the Epithite of the *Witty Jester*. But this Gayety included within it an Ambitious design: For it was to ensnare the Dauphin's

phin's Heart that the young Artist laid her Springes ; wherein she has succeeded to a Miracle ; since tis certain that the Illustrious Dauphin has smitten her in the most sensible part.

But to return to the Princess of *Turenne*, she had taken another way to stop the Career of the Prince's Affection. She had shewed him the strength of her first Passion, in telling him, That her Repose depended upon an Auspicious Glance, an endearing cast of his Eyes, to which the Monsieur did not answer like a Graceful Courtier, which drew upon him the Raillery of some Unlucky Lampoons.

The Prince of *Turenne* desirous of a secret Revenge, had offered his Vows to the Countess of *Bourre*, who had allowed 'em a favourable Reception, which extreemly perplexed the Count her Husband, who was a Good Man, that could have loved an Honest Woman. I must leave the rest for a while, to find out our *Sorbonne* Doctor, who was busily employ'd in composing a Letter as tender as his Heart, to be sent to the Queen at *St. Germain's*, whom he had not seen since the Day before. We im-

part

part it to the Reader as it came to our Hands.

A Letter of Monsieur the Archbishop to the QUEEN.

Madam,

THose Hours which I waste remote from your Company, seem to me of an infinite length. It would be my greatest pleasure, Divine Queen, to assure you, every minute, of my Love, and of the strength of my Passion. Oh! What a Life should lead, could my Good Fortune but procure me so great a Felicity! But I was not Born to taste so Heavenly a Happiness. I must therefore be contented with the favour which I enjoy by your Permission, which is to taste the Fruition of your Adorable Presence, as opportunity will give me leave. Adieu Madam; I will wait upon you this Afternoon.

Our Prelate sent this Letter to the Queen by one of his Lacqueys, whom he ordered to change his Livery, and

put on the Marchioness of *Signalay's* Colours, who frequently visited the Queen, and sent her little Presents almost every Day. And the new Lover of an Archbishop followed the Lacquey almost at the Heels.

Monsieur the Archbishop had for that Day laid aside his Gravity and his Pontifical Habits to Apparel himself like a Bookseller that furnished the Queen with new Books. No Man in the World could have better disguised himself then our Doctor of the *Sorbonne*. Mrs. *Labady* who is one of the Queens Women, knew him not in that Disfigurement, but carry'd him into her Mistresses Cabinet, without any Ceremony. Nor did the Queen give him any other than a cold Reception in her rising up to Salute him. Whither it were that the Prelate did not please her in that same Dress of a Citizen, or that the News which she received every Day from *England* and *Ireland*, where Affairs went no way to her satisfaction, had put her into an ill Humour, or whither it were that the last Visits of this same Gallant, with his Spectacles upon his Nose, had cool'd her Ardour, not finding in him the Briskness of a Youthful Champion, nor the Charm-

Charming Vigour of her *Adonis Dada* The
 In short our Adorable *Venus* could not who
 endure the Amorous Carelles of the Sor said
bonne Doctor, without some kind of Un Lor
 easiness, which was a great trouble to me
 him, and forced him to ask her the his
 cause of her coldness. *Ah, Madam* same
 cry'd the Prelate all inflamed, I Love time
 you to that degree that never Woman adm
 more beloved, Wherefore do you not answer he,
 the Violence of my Passion?

The Queen who saw that her Reluct of T
 ancy had warmed the Heart and Imagi T
 nation of her Lover, and that he began he
 to be impatient, granted what he de for
 manded, most tenderly embracing him ong
 Which overjoy'd the *Roman Patriarch* you
 so that he Kifs'd his Lovely Goddess stre
 thousand times as she sate upon his knee Ram
 Thus Charm'd with his Good Fortune his
 at length he took his leave of the Queen eat
 hearing that *Lewis XIV.* was coming to cre
 give her a Visit. *Alas!* (said he in a nu
 great Fume) *What a World of Measure* Sr.
are we bound to observe? My Misfortune re e h
duces me to keep fair with a World of People ort
for whom I have no kindness! Strange sor Shu
of Politicks! Now St. Mary of Loretto ad
have pity upon me. The Queen was also on
 making her Devout Lamentations, when the

the K. surpriz'd her, and ask'd her with whom she was talking so dolefully. Sir, said she, I was praying to our good Saint of Loretto that she would vouchsafe to restore me to my Throne. Oh, Madam, reply'd his Majesty, drawing his Sword, this same Steel shall revenge your Cause in due time. The Queen seem'd surpriz'd, and admiring the King's Valour, Sir, said she, with a smile, put up your Sword against the time of Battle; which the Hector of Troy did accordingly.

The Queen who was tyr'd out with the Complacency which she had been forced to shew the Archbishop held no long Discourse with our Monarch, who could not divine the reason of his Mistress's unequal Temper. As for the Roman Doctor who was gone to one of his Friends Houses to shift himself, and reassume his Sacerdotal Vestments, before he could return to his Palace, he was much troubled when he understood by Mr. Vincent his Valet de Chambre, that he had been stay'd for all the Day at the Sorbonne about Business relating to the Church, and that the Bishop of Meaux had been seeking for him up and down from place to place to speak with him.

About

About the same time the Duke of *Vendosme*, who had told the Dauphin in Merriment, that he intended to be the Archbishop's Rival, went to *St. Germain's* with a design to tell his Tale to the Queen, and found his Courtly Addresses not ill repay'd. But that same Crafty Gallant, who understood perfectly well what belonged to Amorous Familiarities, found that Princess too deeply learned in Love, which disgusted him, and caused him to return to his Amiable *Nanon de Bois*, a Taylors Daughter in the *Fauxburgh St. Antoine*. Well——said the Grand Prior of *France*, the Favours of my pretty *Nanon* are worth all the *Leavings* of an Italian that has parted with her *Honesty*. He therefore made the Dauphin and the Count of *St. Maure* privy to the Secret, who took a more than ordinary Delight to make sport with it, by causing several Satyrical Lampoons to be thrown in at the Windows and into the Porches of the Archbishop's Palace; among which this that follows was one.

Reverend

Reverend Patriarch,

Your Altar has been lusted after; a
 Lovely-feather'd Bird designed to
 have built her Nest there; but finding it nei-
 ther proper nor clean, and too easie of Ac-
 cess, she flew to another place. - You ought
 to hinder your Swallow from Caressing all the
 Wires she sees, or at least to fasten the Wires
 of her Cage closer together.

This Reproach put the Prelate into
 a kind of Fret, not being able to Divine
 whence it came. But at length he
 comforted up himself, as being accu-
 stomed to Courtly Intreagues, which he
 kept very private, never making any
 use of 'em; such were those of the
 Archionesses of Bretonvillers, the Abbess
 of Montmartre, the Pretty Sempstress,
 the Beautiful Embroideress, whom
 he went to visit so soon as it began to
 grow Duskish.

This formal piece of outward Devo-
 tion was afraid least it should be pub-
 licly reported, that he lighted his Ta-
 bles before the Queens Altar; which
 would have rendered several She-Saints
 jealous

jealous of his carrying his Holy Water so far as *St. Germain's*. All these Pious and Moral Considerations somewhat slackened our Doctor's Affection, together with the coldness of his Mistress, whose Politicks would not permit her to loose him quite, tho she cared not so much for continual Lip to Lip with an Old Sanctify'd Fornicator. In short Monsieur the Archbishop forbore to visit the Queen any more, unless it were to carry her his Benediction upon noted Holydays, or to ferret the Evil Spirits out of her Chamber. On the other side our Princess who was a Passionate Lover of Amorous Combats, and who could not forbear the having still some worthy Champions under her Standards, soon after declared War against another Loving Enemy. It happened then that this same tender Amazon had chafed herself to that degree in the Field of *Venus* that she felt sick. For her Victory having enliven'd, her she felt some effects of the heat of the Combat, which caused her to keep her Bed for some time: However she was visited all the while by the Reverend Father Jesuits and others in Religious Orders. But not one of those Holy Fathers could comfort her with

with all their Learning. There was only one young Curate of *St. Martin*, whom that Princess had heard preach, who could instruct her, at least as well as the Life of *Clement VI.* which she frequently read, who commanded the Angels to carry into Paradise those that Dy'd coming in Pilgrimage to *Rome.*

This Young Priest was a Merry Companion, well shap'd, having a good Aspect, very Fair, and much a Courtier. He needed no more to Charm beyond measure a Woman of her Humour, who could not live without Square Caps, or Swords to guard her from the Fears that her Husband's ill success inspired into her. For which reason it was that the Lovely Patient in the time of her sickness murthered up together all the rare Qualities of her Amiable Curate. She also told her Confident the Marchioness of *P—*, that she could not forget the Sermon she had heard at *St. Martins*; that ever since, her Heart had been warm'd with an Ardent Devotion, and that she should be everjoy'd to see, in her sickness, that powerful Preacher.

The Marchioness who understood her, lookt upon her with a fixt Eye, and falling into a Laughter, told her she

B

would

would do her Endeavour that she should have the Benediction of the Pious Curate when she pleased. *Al* Marchioness, reply'd the Queen, *thou speakest this merrily and laughing, but I assure thee I am in love with his manner of preaching.* *Ma-* dam, reply'd the Marchioness, *I believe he is much better at handling a Text of Love.* 'Tis true, said the Queen, *for he is a Lusty Man, well turned, and whose Face speaks him to be a Lover of Women; I would fain speak with him. That's no hard matter to do,* *Madam,* reply'd the Marchioness *for I know his Sister who lives with Madam de Segnelay, and is as good a Girl as any is in the World; I'll speak to her this very Day, and after such a manner that she shall have no suspicion of any thing.* Do so, *my Dear,* reply'd the Queen, *thou dost not know what a kindness thou wilt do me to let me see the Curate.*

The next Day the Marchioness gave a Visit to *Madam de Seignelay*, where she saw *Mademoiselle de Fontaine*, to whom she spoke a thousand things in Commendation of her Brother, and how highly the Queen was pleased with his last Sermon, and that she would be glad to have some Discourse now and then with a Person so Zealous and so Religious.

She added withal, That the Queen was a Woman of an Exemplary Devotion, that she spent the greatest part of her time in her Chappel, and that she rose every Night to say her Prayers, and to read the Lives of the Saints, particularly of our Lady of *Loretto*, who is the greatest Saint that ever was, and the most humble in all her Actions.

Mademoiselle de Fontaine was a little surpris'd at first to hear what a Portraiture the Marchioness made of the Queens Piety. To which the Damsel answered very civilly, that her Brother was very happy to have moved the heart of so great a Princess, and that she would not fail to acquaint him with the good Tydings.

After the Marchioness was gone, *de la Fontaine* gave *Madam de Segnelay* an Account of her Brother's Good Fortune, and she related it again to her Husband, who Laught a long time at the Extraordinary Inclinations of the Queen, frequently saying in Merriment, That he who would please that Princess, must be of the Sanctify'd Order. I assure ye, Sir, said the Marchioness of *Segnelay* Laughing, there are Persons sometimes to be met with of an Extraordinary Merit, who

retire from the World to mind nothing but
the Great Business of their Salvation. You
may perhaps in time, Madam, reply'd the
Marquess with a smile of Derision, be
brought to Love such Men in imitation of
Pious a Queen, but have you a care of those
suttle Serpents that know so well to sting. La
dies in their most sensible part. The Mar
quiss farther told his Wife, that the
Queen had always been a Lover of Co
quettry, and Amorous Intrigues before
she went into England. You know
moreover your self that this Princess com
ming to the Court of France, appeared
so Excellent an Artist in all her Gallan
tries, that the King himself had a ten
der Affection for her, and that his Ma
jesty wrote in her Favour to King James
as of a Person altogether Charming, and
one that deserved his Heart. And you
know my self that in Italy she was look
upon as one that held a private Com
merce with Count *Don Quixote*, and the
Baron of *Santifiori*, who were both Ro
vals, yet agreed very well together.

The Marquiss of *Seignelay*, who was
Secretary of State, would have told his
Wife more, would the Orders which
he received that Day from the King
have permitted him to have stay'd longer

with

with her, so that he left her at his Castle, where she was not long alone however notwithstanding his Absence. For the *Chevalier de Nonailles*, Lieutenant General, whom she Loved a thousand times better than her Husband, kept her Company like a Faithful Friend, and diverted her to the utmost of his power. But that which interrupted the Marchionesses Pleasures deserves to be here set down. That Lady had a Parrot which one of the Pages, like an Unlucky Slipstring, had taught to say, *I'll tell Monsieur, Madam, if you let any Body open his Cabinet.*

This prattling Parrot disturb'd the Loving Couple. For she was afraid the Lacqueys had discovered something of her Amours with the *Chevalier de Nonailles*, and least the noise of it should wake her Husband's Jealousies, who was Friend to Coquets, and had no such Complacency for his Wife as to wear Horns because they were of her making. These Reasons caused Madam *Seignalay* to return with all speed to *Paris*, and desire her Gallant to forbear his Visits for some time, to take away all suspicion of any such thing as an Amorous In-

trigue. But 'tis a very hard matter for us to appear what we are not, and they that would appear otherwise then they are, must take a great deal of pains. To this purpose the Marchioness went every Day to Mass with the greatest Devotion i' the World, and would hardly be seen of any Body in hopes to deceive the most quick-sighted. But Love who never looses his Rights, and suffered her to play this Game for a while, returned soon after more dangerous than ever, sparkling in the Eyes of the Fair Lady with all his Graces, full of powerful Charms; which caused *M. de Seignelay* to fall into a deep Melancholy and a profound vexation of mind that lasted a long time. Nay, she fled the sight of her Lover; believing that Absence would Cure her: But alas! Time has let us see, that Love is a Mischief which Absence cannot cure, and that it requires some more prevailing Medicament than that feeble Remedy.

The Marchioness was sometimes troubled that she had listned to the Chevalier. But being Young, she did not think that Passion was so cleverly conveigh'd to the Heart through the Ears,

as through the Eyes, and therefore that the following Verses which her Gallant would be always singing to her spoke truth.

*At first a Toy we think it, tam'd with ease ;
But every thing in Love is to be fear'd,
And she that would be faithful, one to please,
If once she listens, she's for ever snar'd.*

The Marchioness of P——s, who had told the Queen how neatly she had managed the Business between her and *Mademoiselle de la Fontaine* in reference to her Brother, extreamly pleased that Princess, in hopes that the Complementary Priest would come to wait upon her without being put to the trouble of sending for him. These tickling Fancies rejoiced the Queens Heart, who was still sick, when Monsieur the Archbishop, who could not as yet restrain his Affection for her, notwithstanding the Reproaches he had undergone for her sake, and the little Love which that Fair *Venus* reserved for him, tho she carry'd it fairly with him by reason of her Misfortunes, flattering her self that the Head of the Council of *Lewis XIV's* Conscience, together with his Majesty,

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be serviceable to her in her Designs and Necessities, came to give her a Visit.

The Prelate therefore being alighted out of his Coach, was by Mrs. Labadie conducted into the Queens Chamber, who received him very civilly, and gave him an Account of her Sickness, to which the *Sorbonne* Doctor answered with much tenderness, tho he stay'd not long with his Fair Minioness, which nothing at all surprized her; for she was already accustomed to see a Lover who was grown very chary of his Visits; a thing that nothing displeased her, seeing her chiefest aim was only to preserve his friendship. On the other side, the Curate of *St. Martin*, who had understood from his Sister and several others the great Commendations which the Queen gave him, had conceived such a high Opinion of himself, that for the fixing of his Happiness, he resolved to go and pay his Devoirs to her Majesty, and to let her understand how much he was overjoy'd to hear himself applauded by a Person of her Illustrious Character and transcending worth, which overloaded that Princess with a satisfaction not to be expressed; and at the same time a Page came to inform her, That
the

and the Curate of St. *Martin's* was in the Castle Court, and that he desired, with her Majesties permission, to pay his respects to her.

At those words the Queen seem'd to be in a strange discomposurè of Mind, so that she had hardly strength enough to conceal her joy, which was extraordinary, as generally it happens at the beginning of fresh Amours. But her Amorous Transports being a little calmed, she ordered the Curate to be sent for up, who after several Pedantic Scrapes, Cringes of a Journyman-Taylor, and affected motions of his Head, told her with all the Rhetoric, and the best study'd language that he had, how happy he was in having the Honour to please a Princess of so great a Judgment, and whose Vertue made such a noise in the World. The Queen ordered an Elbow-Chair to be brought him, which the Curate had so much Manners or Discretion to refuse, but the Dutches of *Portsmouth*, who was in the Chamber, told him very Complementally, that he ought to obey the Queens Orders. That day there was nothing discours'd of but Devotion and Piety, and Monsieur the Curate spoke like an Angel.

Among other things he talk'd Seraphically of the Holy Exultations that were inspired into him by reading the Blessed Works of *Catherine of Siena*, who for her infinite Merit, and her Devout Life had rendered her self worthy to be the Spouse of Christ, who descended from Heaven on purpose to Marry her.

The Marchioness of *P——s*, by the aid of her Bigottry, prolonged the Conversation with several other Tales of the same Nature : Insomuch that they also chatted of the Arrival of St. *Charles*, who was to make his Entry into *Paris* with all the pomp in practise among the Saints. At what time the Dutches of *Portsmouth* pull'd out of her Pocket a Letter which she had received out of *Bretagne* from the Nunnery of *Joy*, written to her by Madam de *Plein*, her Aunt, who was Abbess of that Sanctify'd place, wherein she set forth the Penances she enjoyn'd her Nuns, and how happy they were that mortify'd their Flesh in this World.

Such Godly Discourse began to offend the *Queen*, who broke off the Pleasant Conversation, by talking of News and the Gallantries of the Court. At which time the Curate shew'd great Reverence

ervedness and Moderation by judging
 judiciously and soberly of the Persons
 mentioned ; which begot him so much
 the more esteem among the Ladies. Af-
 ter which the Dutchess of *Portsmouth*,
 and *Madam P* — — s having other Busi-
 ness left the *Queen* and the Curate alone
 together.

The *Queen* thus finding her self at li-
 berty, ordered Monsieur the Curate to
 draw his Chair a little nearer, which he
 durst not do till after the *Queen* had
 commanded him several times. *Well,*
Sir, said she, *you may now believe your self*
the most Fortunate of Men. The Curate
 blush'd to see the *Queen* so eager upon
 the business, but answered her only with
 a Sigh, which gave the Illustrious Ena-
 mour'd to understand that her new Lover
 was not altogether insensible of her for-
 wardness. And the Curate also began
 to feel his imagination somewhat warm-
 ed, when the Princesses of *Soissons* and
Conti came to visit the *Queen*, who had
 hid her Curate between the Wall and
 the Bedside, where being tyr'd with the
 tedious Chat of the Visitants he laid him-
 self gently down and took a Nap.

When the Princesses were gone, the
Queen who thought the time of their
 stay

stay to be an Age, tript back to her
 Chamber, and drawing the Curtains of
 her Bed, beheld her Lovely *Adonis* fast
 asleep, which grieved her to the heart.
 For that Princess was no Admirer of
 Droulie Galants; as she would often
 tell the Dutcheſs of *Portsmouth*, fetching
 a deep ſigh with all, That indeed the
 King her Huſband went to Bed betimes;
But why was it, my Dear, continu'd ſhe,
 — *because he Loved Sleeping the beſt of*
any Man in the World. The *Queen* there-
 fore ſitting down cloſe by her Lover,
 made a little noiſe, which wakened him,
 tho more doz'd with ſhame than with
 ſleep. *Ah! My Dear,* ſaid ſhe, *present-*
ly, What a Coward you are! — Such
 words as thoſe would have raiſed the
 Courage of any Curate that ſaw the
 Shepherd's Hour at hand, and had had
 any Mettle in him. But the Great Loo-
 by fetch'd only a deep *Alas!* Accompa-
 ny'd with ſeveral Complaints, which
 could not pay that Princess the ſatisfa-
 ction ſhe wanted. I know not whether
 it were the Preſence of a Perſon of her
 Character, or her too eaſie Condeſcenſi-
 on which had rendered our Abbot, as it
 were immoveable and void of ſence;
 but certain it is, he did not behave him-
 ſelf

self like one who was to receive such new Favours from a *Queen*, being strangely nonpluss'd and quite out of order, tho he were naturally a Boon Blade that never let an Opportunity slip, besides that he was a great Lover of Nocturnal Rendezvouzes.

The *Queen*, who was offended at the stupidity of her Lover, left him, and retired into her Cabinet to ruminate upon what she had done. During this Interval, our Monarch was earnestly seeking for her, to shew her certain Letters which he had received out of *Ireland* from *Tyrconnel* and *Lausun*, giving him an Account of a supposed Victory, by the Death of *Marshall Schomberg*, and the Wound which *King William* had received by the brush of a Cannon-Bullet.

These Tydings overjoy'd the Court to that degree, that they made Bonfires, and revell'd in Extravagancies even to Madness for above eight Days together. All the Ladies and Lords spent their time in Debauches, Balls, Comedies, Operas and whatever else might satisfy their Senses.

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The Dauphin entertained the Illustrious Assembly at *Choisi*, with an Extraordinary Magnificence, and gave 'em all the Divertisements imaginable. The Ladies went with the Princes and Lords a Hawking with their Feathers in their Hats, and Accoutred in Scarlet Justacorers. The Princesses of *Conti*, *du Maure* and *Coiffons*, were Indefatigable Racers, which engaged the Dauphin, the Duke of *Chartres* and others in the same sport, tho they were glad to yield the Victory to those Amiable Heroesses.

The next Day the Queen, who had not yet well recovered her strength, strook in with that same Troop of Gods and Goddesses, on purpose to take a little Air, and share in the pleasure of that Princely Entertainment, attended by the Dutches of *Portsmouth*, the Marchioness of *Seignelay*, Madam *P* and several other Lords and Ladies. His Majesty also, and the Prince's who saw that the Presence of the *Queen* had augmented the Number of the Assembly, ordered the following Night to be enlightened with Fireworks, as a Testimony how glad he was to see her. Our Monarch also, who knew that the *Queen* was for

was a passionate Lover of Musick, ordered a most Charming Consort and Symphony to be provided against the next Day, for her more splendid Entertainment. And the next Day they returned to *Paris*, where they went to an Opera of *Apollo* and the *Muses*, which was represented in the Palace, and the next Day to another of *Cephalus* and *Procris*.

By this time the Curate of *St. Martin*, who had reflected upon the *Queens* Favours, and his own want of Courage, was ready to Hang himself for having lost so fair an opportunity. *Comard as thou wert*, said the vext Lover to himself, that could not answer the forward Advances of so Adorable a Princess, nor recover thy self into a Condition to improve thy Good Fortune! But I believe the Great Merit of that Incomparable Lady bewitched me, since all that make a Man to be a Man was Insensible and motionless within me.

These Reflexions being over, our Gallant resolved to shew his Mistress all his Valour, and to acquit himself after another manner for the future, or else to be revenged upon his Carcass. As for the *Queen*, in the midst of all the Plea-

Pleasures wherewith the Court had entertained her, she had not forgot to ponder upon the last Advanture that had befallen her. But in regard she had not spoken a word of it, to any Body, she the more comforted up her self with making a Myſtery of her Amorous Secrets. On the other ſide, the Curate who burned with a deſire to ſhew the Value of his Parts, adventured to wait upon his Princeſs, whom he found muſing in a Gallery that led to the Pr. of *Wales's* Chamber. So ſoon as the *Queen* beheld her Gallant, ſhe fell a Bluſhing. But having recovered her ſelf from that diſſorder, which was the effect of her deſire, ſhe requested him to walk into her Chamber, where they preſently ſet to work about thoſe Pleaſures which the ſweeteſt of Paſſions infuſes. Our Amiable *Queen of Cyprus*, who appeared altogether Charming in thoſe Delicious Minutes, ſoon forgot her Sorrow for having diſcovered her Weakneſs to her Victor. So true it is that all our Designs againſt Love are but of a ſhort continuance. When a Heart becomes ſenſible once of the Charms of that Paſſion, it always follows the Propenſity that beck'ns it along. The *Queen* has

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promis'd her self a thousand times that she would never be in Love any more; the Pains and Vexations of which Passion surpass all the Joys which that same Bandy-legg'd Deity infuses into us. But to what purpose all our vain Reflexions. Here is our Illustrious Penitent more tender than ever, half Swooning away in the Arms of her Lover, and acknowledging no other Felicity but that of Amorous satisfaction.

But Monsieur the Curate, who held his Divine *Queen* fast lockt in his Arms, and Kiss'd her tenderly all the while, was at his Wits end when Mrs. *Labady* calling through the Key-hole of the Door, which was fastened within side, told her *Majesty*, That the Dutches of *Chartres* and *Maine* were alighted from their Coach at *St. Germain*, with an instant to Visit her immediately. The two Lovers, who had not a little towsed and rump'd one another with their Amorous Cares, put themselves to rights as well as they could : And that being done, the Curate whip'd away down a Back pair of Stairs, and went home, while the *Queen* went to take a Walk with the Dutches in the Galleries of the *Lonvre*, which are full of Paintings, de-

he, that there are any persons so Beautiful in the World, and that this *Damsel* is so Charming as the Painter has Drawn her? Monsieur *Mignart* who over-heard him, made Answer to the *Dauphin*, that he had not flatter'd her in his Painting, but that the Picture was like her, not she like the Picture. Which last words made the *Dauphin* more carefully examine the Lovely Lineaments of that peerless Minioness, which put him into a deep Study. But the *Queen* and the Princesses, who had much ado to brook the Commendations that were bestow'd upon that Beautiful Portraiture, out of meer Jealousie and Despite, told the *Dauphin*, That she had a Froward Wild Look, which made the Lords fall a Laughing, who plainly saw the contrary. More especially the Princess of *Conti*, Sir, said she to the *Dauphin* smiling, in time you will fall in Love with Women, for you look very wistly upon 'em. Provided they were like your self, Madam, reply'd the Monsieur, I could willingly consent to be in Love.

After this Illustrious Company had left the Painter, every one retir'd to their own Habitations, except the *Dauphin*, who followed the Princess of

Conti,

Conti, his Confident, Home, where he spent the remainder of the Day in telling a Hundred Stories of the Court: And the Duke of *Vendome* and the Count of *Sr. Maure*, who also met him there, had their share of the merriment.

The next Day our Monarch, who had not seen the Queen for some time, having been taken up with the Great Devotion which *Madam de Maintenon* infuses into him by vertue of the Holy Water with which she besprinkles the Bolster of his Bed every Morning, and a great Rosary which she makes him always wear about his Arm, this Prince, I say, with his *Pater Noster's*, went to Visit his Mistress, who receiv'd him very Civily, as she was wont to do. After some serious Discourse, the King drew near his Princess to Caress her; and the first thing his Majesty did, was to embrace her tenderly, and kiss her several times; but the Queen who spy'd his Rosary about his Wrist, ask'd him, Why he carry'd his *Pater Noster's* so familiarly. Oh—*Madam*, cry'd the King, there is an extraordinary Vertue in this Wood. Yes, Sir, reply'd the Queen, there is no question of it——But do you know the Effects of this Rosary in the most Amorous Minutes?

nutes? It cools the most inflam'd Passion, and terrifies the Heart with those sighs of Conscience that many times proves deadly. 'Tis very true, reply'd the King, pulling off his Rosary, I have found my self good for nothing ever since I wore it. But 'tis the Advice of my Confessor and Madam de Maintenon, who have assured me, that by saying my Ave Marias several times a Day to the Holy Virgin with this Rosary, no misfortune shall befall either my Person or my Kingdom. You know, Madam, continu'd the King, that Lewis XIII. Rsigned his Crown to the protection of that Holy Patroness. Oh, Sir, said the Queen with a mournful utterance, talk no more of resigning Crowns, the very remembrance of it kills me. I would pray to St. Stephen and St. Lewis too a thousand times oftner than that do, if they would but restore me to that which I have lost. In the mean time, I find that the Saints are as great Cheats as Men, and that there is no relying upon any thing in this World. Why, Madam, reply'd the King in a kind of Astonishment, does your Saint ever make you any promise? Many others do, said the Queen, who assure us of their succour in our Distresses. However, Madam, reply'd the King, the Saints have a great power, and we rarely loose the Effect

Effects of that Devotion which we pay 'em.
 of Some indeed there are, Sir, said she, that
 ly when 'tis for their Interest, hearken to us in
 ing pursuance of their designs.

Our Monarch, who perceiv'd that a
 tis Devout Conversation did but render his
 de Fair Mistress insensible of the Pleasures
 by of Love, chang'd his Discourse, and
 Day told her with a passionate Air, That
 his one Kiss tenderly imprinted by her fair
 my Lips, would restore Life to the Dead.
 and The Queen who united Love and Devo-
 his tion together, made Answer to the King
 tro after a Languishing manner, That were
 h it not for the sweet Minutes that a per-
 re son Enamour'd tastes, it would not be
 f it worth the while to live one Day. 'Tis
 an true Charming Princess, said the King,
 an that is the most sensible part. Alas! Sir,
 the reply'd the Queen half in a Swoon, harp
 fine no more upon that string, for I feel my self
 Men ready to faint. The King who perceived
 him the Queen in a Swooning Fit that caus'd
 ly her to throw her self upon the Bed, was
 , di preparing to assist her; but the Com-
 any coming in prevented his Sedu-
 us cty.

ever The Queen being come to her self ad-
 aim mitted the Visit of Monsieur the Arch-
 se the bishop, who found her a little heated,
 effect tho

tho she had made use of her Fan to cool her self; for the Vapours of her imagination heightened by the presence of our Great Prince, were not so easily laid. The Venerable Apostle therefore, when the King was gone, began an Amorous Consolation, vowing and protesting to her whatever Love could inspire into him. On the other side the Queen a thousand times assur'd him with her usual Address, that she lov'd him better than her self; which satisfy'd the Prelate, who pretended that all the Affection of a Woman was due to him, since Nature had bequeathed him the choicest of her Gifts.

Their Discourse was intermix'd, for that between whiles they talk'd of the Affairs of *England*, and of King *James* Return, who was then going into *Ireland*, but was to return into *France* in short time by the Advice of *Tyrconnel* and *Lausun*. Here, said the Queen, I have a Letter from the Lord Killmallock, which gives me an account of the Death of the *Sieur de St. Ruth*, a French Officer and very Valiant, who was slain in the heat of the Fight. In truth, Madam, said our Protector of the *Surbonne*, the loss of such a Worthy Officer, as the *Sieur de St. Ruth*

a very great loss to France. 'Tis very true, reply'd the Queen, but these are the fruits of War. I long to see the Count of Masun; for I have a World of things to say to him. Madam, reply'd Monsieur the Archbishop, I have heard you speak of the Count of Tyrconnel; and I have heard he is an Irish Man. Yes, my Dear, reply'd the Queen, and of mean Extraction to boot. He came into England young, where he was a page for ten years together, and afterwards put with a Catholick Master, who preferred him to the Duke of York, in the nature of one of his Gentlemen. During which time he did his Lord so many good Services, that he loved him so well as to favour him with his good Will, and to entrust him with some part of his Secrets; so that at last King James thought good to make him Deputy of Ireland, in recompence of his Fidelit^y. Such was the East of Tyrconnel's Fortune, which was not a little to be admired. 'Tis true, said the Archbishop, that people of mean Extraction rise to the highest degrees of Honour; all things are governed by Luck and Chance — But I think I have heard say, that formerly his Wife had been a very handsome Woman. I'll assure you, Sir, reply'd the Queen, I always took her to be one of the most amiable persons in the World. First she

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had

had a great deal of Wit, she was well-shap'd, her
 her Conversation sweet and merry, her Complexion
 complexion incomparable, with large grey Eyes
 and very passionate; and then she deserved the
 the Affection of an Honest Gentleman for the
 sake of her Devotion, which was extraordinary
 nary in a Woman bred as she was in the
 pleasures of the World. The King of France
 was not insensible of her Charms, continued
 the Queen smiling; I know in good part
 that the King fell in Love with her, and the
 King, my Husband, would have been dabb-
 ling, finding her worthy of his Affection
 which made me Marry her to Tyrconnel
 sooner than I would have done, on purpose to
 break off that Familiarity which did not
 little trouble me. But since that, we have
 been very good Friends, and if Heaven had
 prospered our designs, we had been insepa-
 rable. But no more of this mournful Recital
 it would carry me too far. With all my
 heart, answered our Metropolitan Pon-
 tiff, embracing her tenderly, telling
 her withal, that King James had no true
 reason to Love any Woman in the World
 to the prejudice of such an Amiable
 Princess as her self. Ah! My Dear, re-
 plied the Queen smiling, Men naturally
 love change, tho they can give no reason for
 it. If the Dutchess of G———n would
 have

have listned to my dear Husband, she had been one of his Mistresses; but she had more Vertue. The Queen would have pursu'd the History of King James's Amours, but that she was prevented by the Dutches- ses of Orleance and Bourbon, who came to ask her, Whither she would go to the Chappel Royal of Vincennes, to hear the Abbot Boileau, who was then a Fa- mous Preacher. She consented, and the Archbishop carried the Ladies in his Coach to the Chappel, and then went Home to give Orders to his Official M. Cheron against the next day, touch- ing the Sarbonne. But our Princess, who was prepossessed with the Merits of the Curate of St. Martin, did not think the Abbot Boileau so Eloquent as he was reputed to be, tho the Dutcheses of Or- leance and Bourbon told her several times that they never had heard so brave, nor so Learned a Man. For my part, reply- ed the Queen, I look upon him to be too po- pular, and that he has not Fire enough in his Expressions. I know not that, Madam, answered the Dutches of Orleans, but he is admired by all the World. Oh Ma- dam, said the Queen, had this famous Preacher no more than your Approbation, it were enough to render him happy. The

Queen pronounced those words with something of an Air of Derision which no ways pleased the Dutchess, who some Days after told the King that the *Queen* was so proud that it was no wonder she was Dethroned. But the King who had a Kindness for the *Queen*, made it his Business to reconcile the Dutchess and her together; so that ever since they have been very good Friends.

The *Dauphin*, who still visited the Princess of *Turenne* privately, by the cunning management of her Squire *Madu Mont*, who found a way to introduce the Monsieur at a back pair of Stairs, without any notice taken of him and who has since managed all his Amorous Intrigues with that dexterity, that the Court has been kept in Ignorance. This Squire advised the *Dauphin* never to visit the Princess till about Ten Clock at Night, when her Husband would be at play at the Dutchess of *Ne-mours*, which Monsieur, who loves secretly in Love, carefully observed to do; remembering the Custom of one of the Dukes and Peers of *France* lately Dead, who hired a House in the street *Grenelle*, the backside of which joyned close to a Palace where lived a very pretty

pretty Woman, for whose sake, that he might privately enjoy her, he broke a door out of one House into the other ; by which means they met as often as they pleased, and no Body the wiser.

Madam *de Turenne*, who passionately Loved the *Dauphin*, staid for him one Evening in her Chamber with great impatience. At length when the *Dauphin* came, he found her somewhat melancholy ; of which when the Monsieur asked her the reason somewhat furlily, she made answer, That 'twas her Misfortune to have an Amorous Delicacy quite opposite to the Humour and Genins of her Lover. The *Dauphin*, whom the sport of Hunting renders a little Rustic, and who reserves no great politeness for Ladies, answered her somewhat rudely, as he rose up from her, That Women by their little Tricks, made Love Capricious. Upon which the Princess, understanding the Humour of her Gallant, ran to embrace him, saying to him at the same time, *Ah, my dear Prince, you have not wherewithal to satisfy a Tender Lover*, which words pronounced with an extraordinary passion, made the *Dauphin* fall a Laughing, who told her that she knew that best. Upon

that, the Princess of *Turenne* perceiving she should never be able to alter the *Dauphin's* Clownish Disposition, fell a Laughing as well as he : And so that Evening was spent in Toying after the *Monsieurs* manner, and Monsieur having uttered some agreeable Expression to the *Princess*, contrary to his Custom, she returned him her Thanks after a very Courtly manner. But at length the Night being far spent the two Lovers parted well satisfied the one with the other.

The *Prince* of *Turenne*, who had been playing till it was late at *Madam de Nemours*, being by that time returned, was desirous to go to Bed ; but finding it extreemly tumbled, asked his Wife the reason of it, who was at her Wits end for not having caused it to be made again before her Husband came Home. So that the disorder she was in, confirmed the *Princes* Suspicions so much the more ; but being come to her self again, she told him, *She had been very much troubled with the Headach, and that she had lain down several times to alleviate her pain.* 'Tis very well, *Madam*, reply'd the *Prince*, with a discontented Look, *and now you are Crr'd, I am sick.* The Discon-

Disconsolate Lady, not knowing what else in the World to do, endeavour'd by all the most tender Caresses imaginable to recover the *Princee* into a good Humour, who for his part little minded his Wifes Gallantries, as being engaged at least in Intrigues so far distinct; and not having any kindness for *Mademoiselle de Ventadour*, whom he had Married for the Interest of his Family only, as being the greatest Heiress in the Kingdom. For these Reasons he treated his Wife but very roughly, as not having any Tendernefs for her, being wholly taken up with the Countess *de Rouvre*, who had lost her Husband in the Battle of *Flerus*.

That Lovely Woman had the Knack always to obtain an infinite number of Admirers. And all the Sparks of *Venus* that beheld her, burn'd with a desire to be fettered in her Chains. We have said of the Princess of *Turenne* that she Lov'd with a certain Delicacy and Curiosity, which consisted in a thousand little Punctilios. On the other side, the Countess *de Rouvre* little car'd whether a Man Lov'd her or no, so she could divertise her self, and provided her Lovers sent her Magnificent Presents, she

left them the Liberty to change as often as they pleased, reserving also the same liberty to her self. And therefore it may be said, That this Lady was a professed Coquet: But notwithstanding this same Coquettry, the *Dauphin* allow'd her a share of his Favours as well as the *Princess of Turenne*, and many others. But this not being to my purpose, I shall say no more of it but only thus much, That her Carriage being none of the Modestest, nor so Discreet as it should be, vexed the very Soul of the Count her Husband, who would frequently Curse the fatal Day that had join'd him to that fickle Wag-tail.

The *Dauphin*, who after the Death of her Husband, had given the Countess *du Roure* a very fair House near *St. Honore's Gate*, went frequently to visit her, and diligently waited on her, as one of the most Amiable of his Mistresses. On the other side, that Charming Lady made use of all her Artifices, her Amorous Dalliances. and Tender Cares, to preserve a Heart which had no great Inclination to Love, as being more affected with sporting in the Woods than between the Sheets.

'Tis

'Tis the Nature of Coquetts to force their Humour to a Compliance with that of their Lovers: For by that means they always keep a good Correspondence with them. So that the *Dauphin* who had not those winning satisfactions that season the Ragoo's of Love, could not forbear the having an infinite Tenderness for that Lady. One Day that she was in her Cabinet, and that she was sensible of a more then usual tenderness, her Illustrious Lover came in, to whom she said not a word. At what time Monsieur admiring at the silence of his Incomparable Minioness, demanded the reason, and at the same time gave her a tender Kifs. *Ah! My dear Prince*, reply'd she with a sigh, *I was mustering up all my Good Luck, and that great Idea deprived me of my Speech.* *Madam*, answer'd the Monsieur, *that defect is hereditary to your Ladyship, because you are half a Norman.* *My dear Prince*, said the Countess, *you take me one way, and I mean another: For my meaning was, that I was so Charm'd with being never so little belov'd by so great a Prince, that at that very moment I had lost the ordinary use of my Tongue.* *I understand ye, Madam*, reply'd the Prince with a smile, *but by those words,*
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never

never so little, you seem to mistrust that I am not wholly at your Service. This is an injustice done to my sincere Love, and the real Affection I have for ye.

Upon that the Countess rose from her Seat, and went to embrace her dear Lover, who is extreamly pleas'd when a Woman that has a Kindness for him prevents him with some little Addresses. I know not what they did more; but believe that in all probability Love was not satisfy'd with only bare Expressions.

However it were, our *Queen* in Tribulation, who could not long endure the Absence of Monsieur the Curate, sent for him by one of her Gentlemen, under pretence that her little *Prince of Wales* was sick, and that she was extreamly afflicted for fear of losing a dear Child, upon whose Life all her Hopes depended. Now the Curate either out of Respect, or for some other Reasons, durst not so frequently visit his *Princess*, so that the *Priest* was overjoy'd to find himself sent for. To which purpose he called to his Remembrance all the pleasures he had tasted in the Enjoyment of so Adorable a person, and the good Fortune which he hop'd to reap from his

his good Service. All these great Ideas made the Lover to go up into his Chamber, where he rubb'd himself from Head to Foot with Essence of *Jassemine*, scour'd his Hands with Past of Almonds to make 'em feel smooth, and powder'd his Hair more than he was wont to do; and after he had thus trickt and spruced himself up, he went to visit the Queen about Six a Clock in the Evening. For at that Hour she sent him word she should be alone, because her Court would be at the Opera, or at other Divertisements of the Carneval Season.

Monsieur the Curate found his Charming Mistress and the little Prince's Nurse bemoaning the Illustrious Infant, and scar'd at the thoughts of his Death. *Oh*, said the Afflicted Princess, *must I loose the only Blessing that is left me in this World! St. Winifred, accept my Offerings and hear my Vows, and sanctifie the Prayers which I make to thee, Divine Queen of Heaven.*

During this Ejaculation, the Queen cast an Eye upon her Gallant, then upon his Knees, that he might participate in the Devotion of the Princess, who at the same time took him by the Hand

Hand and led him into her Chamber. There she ask'd him his Advice about the sick Prince, and what he thought of his Distemper. To which the Curate answered after he had put her in hopes, that if he should happen to Die, it was a Loss that might be repair'd, since her Majesties Youth could not want Heirs to her Husbonds Throne. Those words re-cheard the Queens Heart, who seem'd to be quite cast down; and at the same time giving the Curate an Amorous Grasp by the Hand, she pull'd him to her and made him write upon her Altar the Prophetic Terms he had made use of to let her understand the Fertiliy of her Arable Ground. After which she thank'd him very civilly, telling him withal, that if all Men did but resemble him in Piety and Natural Strength, Soldiers would not be so scarce in *France* as they were. *I assure ye*, said the Princess, *I was in a Disconsolate Condition before you came; but you have given me as much Comfort as it is possible for me to receive. Persons Sanctify'd to that degree as you are, have something extraordinary above other Men. I must confess, I find 'em a thousand times more engaging than your Court Minions who boast their fine Complements.*

ments to the Ladies, but have no other Merit but that frivolous Excellency to commend 'em. Alas——Madam, reply'd Monsieur the Curate, with a great deal of Humility, we poor Abbots know not what Courtship is ; there is nothing in our Breviaries that tells us how to please Ladies. No matter, reply'd the Queen, with a passionate utterance, Nature that acts alone in you, is worth all the choicest and most Courtly Manners of forc'd Ability. In a word, Madam, cry'd out the Transported Lover, embracing the Knees of his Goddess, I may account my self the most fortunate among men, since I see my self so highly esteem'd by the most Adorable Queen in the World. Let us have no Complaints, my Dear, reply'd the Princess, interrupting him, her Eyes all sparkling with Love, they are now quite out of season. Let us make the best of the pretious minutes that are left us ; let us loose no time, but employ all in confirming to each other the mutual pledges of our Love.

The words were hardly out of her Mouth, when the Marchioness of P—s came to give her notice that King James was return'd out of Ireland and come to Paris, and that he was gone to the Convent of the Reverend Fathers the Jesuits.

its. The Tydings caus'd the Sanctify'd Gallant forthwith to Decamp, who was afraid of nothing so much as to be taken Tardy in an Amorous Familiarity.

King *James*, who was at his Wits end to see himself so courslly handled by Fortune, and hopeless of ever re-ascending his Throne, was so cast down, that nothing could comfort him. So that he was no sooner arriv'd, but he ran first of all to the Jesuits to tell the Lamentable story of his Misfortune to Father *La Chaise* his faithful Friend. So soon as the Distressed Prince beheld the Reverend Father, he cry'd out in a Lamentable Tone. *Ah—Father—I am lost beyond Recovery; Ireland is totally reduc'd, and my Enemies are Victorious.* The whole sacred Society of Jesuits, did all they could to chear up the poor Prince, who wept bitterly, and told 'em how King *William* had pass'd the *Boine* and Routed his Army, and how he had afterwards made himself Master of *Drogheda, Dundalk, Dublin, Waterford and Duncannon*—*All's lost, continu'd the King* fighting, every thing opposes my good Fortune, and my Stars shewre down their most Cruel Influencies upon me.

Upon

Upon this the Reverend Fathers *La Chaise* and *Gerard* carry'd King *James* to the *Fauxbourg St. Antoine*, to the end they might dispel some part of his grief, and buoy up his Heart with a plentiful Collation. Monsieur the Archbishop also no sooner heard of his Arrival, but he went to wait upon him, making him a thousand Offers of his Service, and telling him, That his Majesty might make use of his Purse as his own, and that he would never forsake him.

King *James* return'd his thanks with an extraordinary tenderness to the Protector of the *Sorbonne*, assuring him that whatever kindness he did for him, should be return'd him when it lay in his power. Those last words caus'd the Archbishop to smile at the easiness of that unfortunate Prince, who was the Cully and sport of the World. This Opinion which the Archbishop had of the King, mov'd him to some pity, so that raising his Voice, Sir, said he, be of good Courage, we shall find a way to succour your Majesty; settle your thoughts a little, and cheer up your self with us. With that they drank about several times King *James's* Health, and to all his Friends that should be instrumental toward

ward his Restoration. After which they talk'd no more of Melancholy stories, but every one spoke of what was most divertising, and most proper to spend the time delightfully and merrily. At length King *James* perceiving it was something late, took leave of the Reverend Fathers the Jesuits; and the Archbishop carry'd him to *St. Germain's* in his Coach; which very much surprized the *Queen*, who could not conceive how they should happen to meet together. The King being thus got Home, was receiv'd but very coldly by his Domesticks. For they began already to look upon him as a King without a Crown, and as an Unfortunate person; which extreemly afflicted him. Our *Monarch* however dissembl'd the Contempt which he had of his Cousin; considering it was more Generous rather then augment his Sorrows to divert his Mind with some Courtly Employment, to which King *James* at first was altogether averse, but then reflecting that all his grieving and lamenting would not regain him his Scepter, nor the Dominion of his Kingdoms, he banish'd all his Disturbances from his Thoughts for some time.

King

King James went often to Visit *Madam Maintenon* at St. Cir's, and made her the Confident of his thoughts, and of the Counsel which his Brother had given him to Court some pretty Lady, which made the *Marchioness* Laugh; however she told him, That the Remedy was none of the worst, and that Women were many times great helps to Men in this Life. Yes, *Madam*, answered King James, the pleasure of Courting 'em is not to be parallell'd to those that have a Contented Mind; but to a person in my Condition, Love is but an Unwelcome Guest. Upon this, the *Marchioness*, who found she had a favourable Opportunity to revenge her self upon her Rivaless and our Monarch, who had preferr'd the favour of King James's Consort before hers, and was very sedulous in waiting upon that Princess, told King James, That if he were resolv'd to undertake an Amorous Heart, she would provide him a Lady, with whom he might spend many a Charming Hour. *Madam*, said he, I begin, methinks, to feel my imagination somewhat warm'd by the story you have told

told me. But pray tell me, Madam, wh^o this fair Lady is that you would have me ma'e my Addresses to, in this sorrowful Condition of mine. Sir, reply'd Madam de Maintenon, Nature must reinforce her self, before you can think of any such thing; the Business is not very pressing; besides that, I must have time to work the Mind and Heart of the Charming Lady that I purpose for your Embraces.

After this pleasant Conversion, King James took his leave of the Marchioness, and return'd to St. Germain's; where he was no sooner Arriv'd, but Mrs. Laybady told him, That the Queen had had several Swooning Fits that Day, and that 'twas believ'd she was with Child. To which the King answered somewhat unadvisedly, That it might well be so, but that he had been a long time Absent. But Mrs. Labady was more discreet: For she presently withdrew without speaking a word. However the Fainting Fits that still disturb'd the Queen, very much afflicted her petty Court. And the King, who dissembl'd his Disquiet, seldom stir'd from her. In a word

the

the *Queens* Malady left her in a short
 time, and all the Physitians, after she
 had consulted them, concluded, *That*
she was big of two if not of three. A
 Midwife was also sent for, who con-
 firm'd the same, which fill'd the whole
 Court with Joy, and *France* also, that
 had contributed so much towards it,
 would needs partake in the Happiness
 of the two Princes, unfortunate in
 every thing else. The Venerable
 Council of *Lewis* the XIVth's Consci-
 ence, were overjoy'd at it beyond the
 Expression of Words. For this se-
 cond Off-spring rais'd the hopes of
 all the Jesuitical Assembly. The Re-
 verend Father *La Chasse*, and several
 of the Religious Orders, went to
 Congratulate the Queen upon her Fer-
 tility, and the Blessing that Heaven
 had sent her. *Oh — Madam, cry'd,*
the Holy Father, Courage, you shall
Ascend your Throne once more, in de-
spite of all your Enemies. For I find
 that the Saints have heard our Pray-
 ers, particularly *St. Vaubons*, to whom I
 addressed a thousand and a thousand Vows,
 to the end her Girdle might work the same
 Effect upon you as it has wrought upon
 so

so many other Women that try'd the vertue of it. In truth Father, reply'd the Queen, I believe the Blessed Girdle of that Saint, to whom you paid your Vows, did me no harm. For I frequently made use of it, according to your Reverences Advice, with the usual assistance that begets Mankind. In truth, Madam, your Majesty has too much Knowledge, to believe that the Girdle of a Saint only, without the Company of a Man, can beget a Child. Nevertheless, Father, reply'd the Queen, there are many poor Women, who are firmly of Opinion that they shall certainly be with Child by wearing that Blessed Girdle about their Wasts.

As for your self, Madam, reply'd the Father smiling, you are Cured of that Ridiculous Belief: What a dangerous thing would it be, continu'd the Father, for Maids to touch St. Vaubon's Robe, when the single Ribbon which she ty'd about her Loyns, being bound with Devotion about a Womans Wast, could produce the Head of a Family. After this manner it is, that Pope Clement relates the story in his last Book of the Life

Life of that Saint. Thus it was that Father *La Chaise* let his Fancy ramble, when Monsieur the Archbishop, who had understood the welcome News as well as the rest, came in. Every Gallant of that Princess was extreamly pleas'd to understand that the *Queen* was big with Child; for those Illustrious Lovers every one ascrib'd to themselves the Honour of the prosperous success of their Labours. There was only the Duke of *Vandome* who swore the most seriously in the World, that he had never dipt his Pen in the Queens Inkhorn. Which became the Sport and Raillery of the Court. The *Dauphin* also Laught at it, saying, That 'twas a better Pen than any of the Doctors of the *Sorbonne* wrote withal; and that in time Fame would spread his Name far and near. The Princesses of *Conti*, *Lislebonne* and *Saisons* sported after the same manner. But that which ceas'd all these Railleries was a Pilgrimage which the Queen undertook, wherein King *James* was also to be concern'd together with several other Devout Persons. But he had earnestly desired his Beloved Consort not to carry

ry any Woman with her ; for said that pious Prince, *Wherever they are there can be no Devotion.* Henry III. observed the same Policy, when he walked bare-foot to carry his Offerings to any Saint. Wherefore His Majesty was never Accompany'd upon those occasions, but by some of his Minions, clad like himself in White Linnen, and wearing large Rosaries, of which every Bead was carved like a Deaths Head.

King James being returned from his Pilgrimage, found himself fully Comforted for the Loss of his Three Kingdoms. I know not whether his Conversation with St. *Clorilde* had overruled him wholly to submit to the severe Decree of his Malignant stars, but there was a World of Joy observed to gladden in his Countenance. About the same time it was, that being one day with the *Marchioness* of *Maintenon*, the Lady still desirous to revenge her self upon the Queen her Rivaless, took advantage of that lucky tender minute to Talk to him of the Affairs of his Heart ;

to

to which the King gave Answers very agreeable. Some days afterwards *Madam de Maintenon* sent for *Made-moiselle de ———* to her Chamber, who was the Fair Lady that she design'd for the King and no King, a Lady at the same time tenderly belov'd by our Great *Monarch*. So soon as King *James* saw her, he was Charm'd with her Beauty, and all the desires of that poor Prince, that lay, as it were, in a Swoon, reviv'd at the sight of so Fair an Object; and his Fancy was heated after such a manner, that he had much adoe to Recover himself from an Agitation so extraordinary.

But the Fair Lady, who could not brook with patience the feeble Cares of that Prince, always contriv'd some excuse or other, that she might not meet His Majesty; for as she said one day to the *Duchess of Nemours*, I know not the meaning of *Madam de Maintenon*, to go about thus to Engage me to a Compliance with King *James*. One might think, as this Lady orders
her

her Affairs, that the Race of Men were at an end. My dear Minion, reply'd the Dutches with a smile, the Marchioness of Maintenon has her Ends, and you must submit to her. This Answer afforded nothing of Consolation to our Charming Lady, who being at her Wits end to see her self obliged to Entertain a Familiar Commerce with a Lover already come to his Spectacles, who had more need of Repose and Ease, then of the usual Agitations of *Venus*, resolv'd to feign her self sick, that she might rid her self from the frequent Visits of the King of the *Bass*, and her project took. For the King being Enamour'd only by Accident, soon laid asleep his Rapid motions in their proper places.

However *Madam Maintenon*, who thought her self in some measure Revenged, for the Inconstancy of her Lover, and the Queen's interloping, was not a little glad that K. James's Amour had made some noise at the Court; and tho the Consequences were such as she expected and desired, however she would not seem to be disatisfy'd.

The Queen who understood that 'twas the Marchioness of *Maintenon*, who had laid that Snare for her Husband, only made her self Sport with it, which nettl'd the Marchioness not a little. • But the Queen who is infinitely Witty and Politick withal, understood so well how to manage both the Marchioness and our Monarch, that she has all along to outward appearance preserv'd her Friendship with those illustrious Persons.

All this while the Curate of Saint *Martin*, whom his Modesty had kept silent, tho' he thought ne're a whit the less, imagin'd the time of his Absence too long; and therefore so soon as the noise of the Queen's being With-child was quietly over, he went to St. *Germain's*, under pretence of paying his Devoirs to King *Jamas*, whom he had not seen since his Return out of *Ireland*. The Queen return'd him her Thanks, and in regard the King was not then at *Paris*, our two Lovers made the Best of his Lucky Absence, by giving each other a thousand Proof of their Affection. Our Princess made

D known

known to her Gallant her great Joy for being big With-child a second time, in hopes that this last Infant would utterly overthrow all the Designs of the wretched *Huguenots*, who triumph'd over her Misfortune. Ah---my Dear, (continu'd the Princess, kissing her Ecclesiastical *Adonis*) had King *James* undertaken an Affair of that Importance as to beget a Child, the Poor Man would have been at a Loss. You cannot imagine how incapable that Prince is to beget his Like: So that the Marchioness of *Maintenon* mistook in her Politicks to choole out a Mistress for a Man that can hardly make Water: alas---poor Woman, she thought to make me jealous, but she took a wrong Course: I knew too well my Husband's Merits, and that there is ne're a Girl i'the Town, if she be any thing handsome that will be bast'd by such a cloating Gallant. But Madam, (reply'd the Curate) I believe that Lady's Design was to fret and disquiet your Majesty, because she knows that our King has a great Esteem and Honour for you, and usually the Mistresses

stresses of Kings are jealous of their Rivalles. 'Tis a strange thing (reply'd the Queen) that a Woman of her Age should not be fatiated with Love: yet you cannot imagin perhaps how amorous this Antiquated Bigotess is. After she has turn'd about her Rosary an hour or two, the good Lady goes to caress the King with a thousand Grinaces, which no way suit with a Woman of her Character. In short, she loves Pleasure better then her Life, and when she cannot please her self, she produces others Younger and more Beautiful. This is the Genius of the Abbess of St. Cyr, notwithstanding all her Devotion.

In truth Madam, I never took that Lady to be so given to the World, or so addicted to Pleasure. However she ought to consider that she is in her wain, and that 'tis time for her to leave off. Ah! Monsieur — (reply'd the Princess) she has been always a Wanton. A Friend of mine told me since I came to *Paris*, that when *Scarron* marry'd her, every body told the Poor Man out of Charity, that he was going to

ally himself to the Family of *Aetion*.
To which the Growthead *Aesop* re-
ply'd, that he laugh'd at wearing
Horns, since he was not the only Man
i'the World that did so, and that he
only took that Fair Damsel to please his
Eyes.

But the Arrival of the Count of *Lau-*
sun, who surpriz'd the Queen, caus'd 'em
to alter their Conversation: for now they
talk'd of nothing but the Affairs of
Ireland, and the loss of *Limerick*. Ah!
my dear Cousin, (cry'd the afflicted
Princess) what think ye of my Mis-
fortune? I must confess, Madam,
(reply'd the Count, rubbing his Fore-
head) I am extreamly troubl'd for all
these Misfortunes. There is nothing
vexes a General more then to be foil'd
in his Enterprizes. I wish I had never
been in *Ireland* for my Honour's sake.
The Count of *Tyrconnel* and I did all that
could be expected from stout Soldiers.
But 'tis in vain to toil when Fortune is
against us. You have given me a sad
Protraiture of our Condition, my dear
Cousin, but I had thought that a great
Soldier like your self, had always re-
serv'd

serv'd some Hope : nevertheless, I see that—The Queen could not conclude the rest, because a Torrent of Tears that fell from her Eyes would not suffer her to proceed. Which the Count beholding, and sorry to see her so terribly afflict her self, he took her in his Arms to comfort her, Swearing that he would try the to'ther Bout, and doe his Utmost to restore her Majesty to her Throne.

After the Queen had dry'd up her Tears, looking upon the Count with a tender Eye, My dear Cousin, (said she) how much am I oblig'd to your Kindness, for interesting your self so much in my Concerns, 'Twas you that sav'd me out of the Hands of my Enemies, as well as the Prince of *Wales* my little Son. Now that I am big With-Child again, I have still more need of your Assistance, to the end it may be publish'd to the World that this Great Belly of mine is no Fable, as they who bereav'd me of my Crown believ'd and gave out. O Heaven! that know'st the Injustice done me, prosecute my Revenge, and thou Saint *Vaubons*, who hast given Life to the

Infant which I bear, be thou for ever on my side. Prove but thou faithful to me, and I will burn upon thy Altar the largest Tapers I can buy for Money.

The Count *de Lausun*, who had heard that the Queen was With-child, Madam, (said he to her with a Smile) I find that you have not been idle in my Absence, and that Love has been your Friend. Oh — Cousin, (reply'd the Queen with a languishing Aire,) deride not an Unfortunate Princess that breathes nothing but Grief; this Production is only the Effect of my Prayers to St. *Vaubons*. Had yee no humane Assistance? Madam, (said the Count, proceeding still in his Jeasing Humour. None at all, (answer'd the Queen.) Then most certainly, (reply'd the Count) St. *Vaubons* must be a Hermaphrodite to get Children alone by her self.

You do not take the Blessings of Heaven in a right sense, (reply'd the Queen): Let us find some other Discourse. How did yee like the Irish Ladies, are they as handsom as they are

are at *London*? — How many Mi-
stresses had you, during your stay in
that Country? — Faith — Madam, I
was so taken up with the VVar, that
I had no leisure to discern the VWhite
from the Brown; besides that I should
never court the Irish Ladies — they
are so little obliging that they will ne-
ver make any great Conquests. Then
you have been Visiting 'em, Cousin,
(reply'd the Queen, laughing) yet you
would make me believe you never
minded 'em. I know that *Mars* and
Venus have a great Sympathy together.
For which reason it is that *Ovid* shews
us those two Deities surpriz'd in an
Amorous Familiarity, and fetter'd in
small Chains that *Vulcan* had Forg'd;
to cure himself of his jealous Suspi-
cions.

The Count would have gone on with
his Pleasantries in answer to the
Queen, when King *James* arriv'd.
So that after some few Complements,
the King and the Count went toge-
ther to the *Fauxburgh St. Antoin*, to con-
ferr with the Reverend Father *La*
Chaise. At what time the Holy Father
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gave King *James* a Writing, the Contents of which were as follows.

‘ *Francis* by the Grace of God, and
 ‘ the Holy Apostolick See, Archbi-
 ‘ shop of *Paris*, Duke and Peer of
 ‘ *France*, Commander of the King’s
 ‘ Orders, Protector of the *Sorbonne*,
 ‘ and Superiour of that of *Navarr*,
 ‘ with the Assistance of our Venerable
 ‘ Brethren, Deans, Canons of the Me-
 ‘ tropolitan Church, and the Pious
 ‘ Council of *Lewis* the Great, our In-
 ‘ comparable Monarch, most humbly
 ‘ supplicateth the King and Queen of
 ‘ *Great Britain*, *James II.* and *Mary*
 ‘ *d’ Este* his Illustrious Consort, to
 ‘ consent to the means which we have
 ‘ found out in our Holy Assembly,
 ‘ speedily to restore Their Majesties to
 ‘ their Throne; which is, to publish a
 ‘ Declaration to their English Subjects,
 ‘ therein desiring ’em not to join with
 ‘ King *William*, with Promise to obtain
 ‘ all their Privileges, and to give full
 ‘ Liberty to the English Religion, to
 ‘ send back all the Foreign Soldiers so
 ‘ soon as he shall be restor’d to his
 Throne:

Throne : to let 'em see also that their
 manner of dispossessing him, was
 unjust, by justifying his Conduct;
 desiring also the Lords of the King-
 dom to come to *Paris* to be present
 at the Delivery of the Queen, for
 the Dissipating of all false Reports
 that ran about upon the Death of
 his Son, the Prince of *Wales*, and
 that the Queen's time expir'd the
 15th. of *May*, assuring those that
 should come into *France* all the Li-
 berty they could desire.

The King and Queen return'd their
 Hearty Thanks to the Archbishop and
 all the Holy Society for the Good
 Counsel they had given. Prayers were
 also appointed to be made in all the
 Churches for the Blessing of Heaven
 upon all King *James's* Enterprizes;
 and *Te Deum* was sung before-hand,
 there being no Question but that Victo-
 ry would favour him.

Some days after all this devout Hurly-
 burly, the Court remov'd to *Marli*, to
 divertise themselves, where the Count
Laufun, always Courtly according

to his Custom; gave the most magnificent Regale that ever was seen. Balls and Comedies were not omitted for the Ladies to spend their time with pleasure and delight. The next day the Count carry'd the Queen, together with the Princesses of *Conti*, *d'Espiney*, and *Saisons*, to an Opera, where the Queen, who is a passionate Lover of Musick, was charm'd with a young Damsel's Voice, who sung the last *Airs of Baptist*. The Countess of *Rourre*, who was one of those that went to *Marli*, was one of the first that return'd, that she might have more time to tast the Sweets of her Engagement with the Prince of *Turenne*. At that time it was, that he was so weak as to Sign a little Note with his Blood to that same Charming Countess, wherein he promis'd to love her as long as he liv'd, and never to change. On the other side, *Madam de Rourre* appear'd so charm'd with his Promise, that she flung her self about his Neck, and tenderly embrac'd him, telling him withal, That she would be as faithful to him as her Strength would permit.

mit. For you know, my Dear, (contin'd the Cunning Coquet) that Women, such as I am, are subject to strange Temptations: Nevertheless, I assure yee, I will separate my self from the World, to the end I may give my self up wholly to you. This was then the Opinion of the Fair Countess, who at the same time presented her Illustrious Gallant with her Picture in a little Box, and several other Toys as Pledges of her Love. The Prince also Sign'd another Note with his blood, that she should never see the Picture again till the Hour of his Death, which fell out to be as he said: for he was Slain at the Battel of Steen-kirk.

By this time the Queen being deliver'd, infus'd a general Joy into all the Court for the Birth of a second Child. Our Pious Monarch had desir'd the Dutches of Orleans his Sister-in-Law to be God-mother. But by Misfortune that Princess who had a great Desire to have been at the Queen's Labour, came too late, tho' she set forth from St. Clou, with all speed that might
be.

be. However every Body congratulated King *James* for his good Fortune: and several Ladies of Great Quality always stay'd in the Queen's Chamber, by *Lewis the Great's* Order, who tenderly lov'd the Princess, and took delight in thinking that by his Tillage she had produc'd so fair a Crop. And indeed this Infant was compos'd of several Essences; which in time will give it a most Admirable Odour in the World, and be a means to perpetuate his Memory. Monsieur the Archbishop made frequent Visits to the Queen, during her Lying-in, particularly to give her his Benediction, and make her some other Presents of things necessary for the Support of Life. Telling her withall, to divertise her, That he had order'd to be carry'd to his Country-House, upon the Road from *Chiarenton* to *Conflans*, several sorts of Liquor fit to be presented to the Table of the Gods. Among the rest a certain Brewage which the Archbishop had caus'd to be made at *Paris*; but I know not the Composition. 'Tis sufficient to let yee understand,

stand, that the Queen and several other Ladies, sometimes took a little too much of this Nectar, when they went to visit our Apostolick; which caus'd 'em to sleep very contentedly in the Arms of that Illustrious Gallant, who frequently lay'd aside his Violet Cassock to put on the Habit of Madam President *Bretonvilliers*, whom he had lov'd above all his Mistresses together. But in regard that Time is a Thing that cannot be stopp'd, Age had worn away the Allurements of that Fair Lady. Which was the Reason that Monsieur the Archbishop had a little neglected her for more Youthful Play-fellows, and which were better worth his Trouble. The Abbess of *Monmatry* also had the same Destiny, because her Nuns that were in the Spring of their Years, far more delightfully charm'd the Venerable Prelate. For which reason he had always some particular Benediction to bestow upon those Pious Damsels, who devoutly return'd him Thanks out of a Religious Motive of Gratitude.

The

The Report that was spread about *Paris* of the Descent that King *William* design'd to make into *France*, set all Tongues a talking of nothing so much as of setting forth a Great Fleet for King *James*. For which reason Four hundred Vessels were stopp'd to carry Twelve thousand Soldiers, as well Horse as Foot, in defence of our Unfortunate Prince: and this Fleet was to be guarded by Twelve Men of War, under the Command of the Duke of *Estrees*, who had 'em ready fitted out at *Toulonne*. In the mean time King *James*, who arriv'd at the *Hogue* the 29th. of *April*, began to embark his Men: but by reason of the Bad Weather which oppos'd his Designs, they prov'd abortive to his great Sorrow. Which oblig'd him to write a Letter to all the English Soldiers and Seamen, wherein he promis'd several Recompences, if they would be faithful to him, as also to maintain 'em in their Employments, with a great Number of Fair Words of the same Nature. But no body came to take his part, so that the poor Prince, unhappy in every thing he undertakes,

was

was constrain'd to return with Ignominy to *Paris*, after he had waited a long time at *La Hogue* for a Wind, that would not blow him one Kind Blast, notwithstanding all his Vows and Prayers to *St. Barbe*, who is the Protector of the Seamen, when they devoutly recommend themselves to him for Succour. I know not whether King *James* pray'd with a Faith strong enough; but certain it is, the dogged Saint would by no means hearken to the Cries of his Suppliant at that time. This was a terrible Blow to the Court of *France*, and a Heart-breaking to the Pious Society of the Reverend Fathers of the Company of Jesus. Every one in particular wish'd a thousand Mischiefs to the *Huguenots* and their King: and the Jesuitical Cabal plung'd in despair to see that Fortune turn'd her Back upon 'em, lay'd several Criminal Designs well known to all the World, which came to nothing. The Queen, who was got abroad again, appear'd every where with a Pensive Countenance, and took no pleasure in any thing. She was always
at

at the Convent of Mercy in the *Faux-burgh St. Germain*, with Madam the Princess of *Carignan* a devout Old Woman that eat up her Saints Images with Kissing 'em, and wore out the Lineaments of their Faces with continual rubbing and cleaning 'em. But the Queen, perceiving the Extraordinary Piety of this Reverend Piece of Antiquity, could not long agree with her Humour.* Those Pleasures to which our Princess was by Nature prone, return'd every Moment to her Remembrance; maugre all these Misfortunes, her Lovers were always welcome to her, and her deep Affection caus'd her to forget the Fatality of her Star. For which reason it was, that when our tenderly enamour'd Princess did not see her dear Curate, she would say to her self, that he knew not how to make his best Advantage of the most sensible Passion in the World; and that of all Pleasures, that of being reciprocally belov'd was the sweetest. Just at the time when the Queen was in this Trance, so favourable to Love it was, that *Lewis the*
Great

Great found her in her Cabinet leaning upon the Table, with her Eyes half shut, and in such a Careless Dress as shew'd that the Amorous Caresses of one of her Gallants would not have been displeasing to her : so that our Monarch took his Advantage of the Shepherd's Hour, nor did the Queen oppose him but very weakly. All she said to him, giving him a wishful Look, was only this, Oh Sir, you wound me. In which part, Madam, (cry'd the King, altogether surpriz'd) I should be mightily concern'd if any thing but Good should befall yee by my means. 'Tis my Heart, dear Prince, which you have so sensibly touch'd, that makes me Sigh. I always touch Ladies (reply'd his Majesty laughing) in the most sensible Parts.

The Queen was about to speak, when she was in a strange Surprise to see Madam de *Maintenon* come into her Chamber, the Door of which by Misfortune was left open. But if the Queen were surpriz'd, the Marchioness was no less astonish'd to see the King lying upon the Queen's Bed by her

her side, and that in none of the modestest Postures neither, which made her start two Steps backward. *Sancta Maria*, cry'd our Abbess, (lifting up her Eyes to Heaven) what Sight is this I see! Oh Sir, Human Frailty always over-rules you, and you will never be wise for your Health——You know the wrong you do that little Strength that is left yee by making Attempts beyond your Power. The King who lay still upon the Bed, not being able to recover himself from the Surprise he was in to hear the Reproaches of the Marchioness, which at the same time discover'd to the Queen his Majesty's inability to undertake the Combates of Love, at length answer'd the Marchioness very rudely, That she was too bold to reprove him like a Child; that he was King and able to govern himself——and then looking upon her with a Frown of Contempt——Be gone (said he) you will extremely oblige me. Upon which Madam de Maintenon made a low Curtsie, and retir'd out of the Room. The Queen who feign'd her self asleep all this while, and

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as if she had heard nothing before her Rivaless, so soon as she was gone, I am lost for ever, (said she to the King) this Lady has discover'd our Familiarity, and she will ruin my Reputation if she can. She dares not (reply'd the King) she is too great a Politician to prefer the Pleasure of her Revenge before her Fortune in this World: rest your self content for that: I am Master of my own Will, and I will love whom I please. In the meantime Sir, (reply'd the Princess) I am deeply concern'd for one thing. How could this jealous Woman divine that Your Majesty was here? I must confess indeed that Love has a Piercing Eye, when it lodges in the Heart of an Old Woman, and who is not only concern'd, but jealous to the highest degree. Talk no more of it (said our Monarch, embracing his divine Mistress) all will go well.

So soon as the King had taken his leave of the Queen, he return'd to *Versailles*, where he was a long time without seeing *Madam de Maintenon*, who kept her Station at *St. Cyr*, during her
Exile,

Exile, not being able to recover her self from the harsh Expressions which the King had made use of to let her understand how much he was displeas'd. But at length, having consider'd the Condition of her Affairs, and the Propensities of her Heart, Oh——(said she to her self) how weak is a Woman when she is in Love! but yet the Conquest of a King is a Precious Thing which any prudent Woman would study to preserve. Immediately therefore she went to the King, who was then alone in his Chamber, and walking in a melancholy posture. Presently, the Marchioness threw her self at his Knees and begg'd his Pardon. The King, who is the greatest Courtier living, could not endure to see a Woman, whom he had vehemently lov'd, so submissive at his Feet; so that he took her by the Hand and rais'd her up, saying to her no more then this; I am convinc'd of your Sincerity; but be more discreet for the future. Oh——Sir, (reply'd *Madam de Maintenon*) I am guilty, because it is your Majesty's Pleasure I should be so. 'Tis true
that

that I oppos'd your Pleasures, but it was because I was too zealous for your Good; that I have brought upon me your Displeasure. But the King, who was unwilling to rip up old Stories, fell upon other Discourse, and asked her what News of the Princess of *Conti* whom he had not seen for some Days.

The Marchioness, after she had given a full Account of what he demanded from her, return'd to St. Cyr; where she was no sooner arriv'd, but King *James*, who was quite tyr'd out with musing upon his Misfortunes, came to give her a Visit. Nor was *Madam de Maintenon* at all disturb'd to see him. For in regard she had a Secret Intrigue with him, she made no Scruple to tell him the whole Story of the King, and the Queen his Wife; which very much surpriz'd King *James*. But after the Marchioness had entrusted him with this Secret, and made him understand the Danger of making a Noise of it, which was not convenient for a Hunder'd Reasons of Policy, Sir, (said she to him) dissemble
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the Wrong your Wife do's yee, and Revenge your self by paying her in the same Coin. You acknowledg'd to me, That the last Engagement you had, would have diverted yee with a thousand Pleasures, if the Fair Lady that you lov'd would but have answer'd your Passion : but there is not always ill Success in the Fortune of Love ; there is sometimes a Calm in *Cupid's* Empire, as there is Peace and Tranquillity in other Dominions of the World. I have one of my Girls which I intend to discard, because she begins to be a little wantonly enclin'd, and for that she is too easie in her Love of Men, which is not proper for Saint *Cyr*, where we must have nothing but Good Instructions and Good Examples for the Youth that are under my Care. It may be said in Praise of this Damsel, tho' she have this failing, that she is one of the most amiable Girls in the World. She has lovely Eyes well enchas'd, an Admirable Complexion, a little Mouth, Teeth whiter then Ivory, her Neck well built, and a Curious Shape ; she is neither too tall nor too short :

short: in a Word, she has all to satisfy the most curious Eye. For which reason the Count of *St. Menre* always call'd her his Delight; nor do I believe that the Dauphin hates her; which is a Thing I cannot suffer; for I do not like it, that he should thrust his Nose into my Business; besides that we have not been Cater-Cousins ever since I said, that the Princess of *Turenne* and the Countess of *Rourre* were a couple of Coquets.

Well, Madam, (said the King, interrupting her) if I should address myself to the Lady you speak of, what likelihood of Success for me, since those brisker Sparks enjoy her. Oh — Sir, you go too fast, they have not had the handling of her yet; for I verily believe this pretty Girl has her Maidenhead still, tho' to her Sorrow. You will oblige me therefore to crop those early Flowers. For by that means shall I revenge myself of the Queen your Wife, and upon the Dauphin, who begins to relish Kissing of Women.

I am

I am of your Opinion, (reply'd the King, laughing) I believe he will become more gentle and civiliz'd among the Ladies. Come, come, (reply'd the Marchioness) I believe him as sensible of Love as other Men, only he loves Privacy in his Amours, he do's not publish 'em by Sound of Trumpet in the City, like *Lewis the Great*, when he makes any new Discovery. I remember when he was a Young Man, and in Love with the Tapstry Weaver's Daughter of *Verfailles*, and the Fair *Madelon Denis*, who was also the Daughter of a Well-digger of the same Place, he never car'd that any Body should know he went to visit his Mistresses, and if any Body that knew him, surpriz'd him in their Houses, he was gone presently, making as if he only came to look upon their Work. I believe, Madam, all that you say of the Dauphin, (reply'd the King) but 'tis true that the Count of St. *Maure* frequently visits *Mademoiselle de Broisy*, our Charming *Picardin*. That's nothing, Sir, there is no Danger, (reply'd the Marchioness)

ness, that Spark of *Venus* never visits her but by Night ; his Amour is Nocturnal, of the same Nature as the wooing of Cats, that Court one another upon the Tiles by the light of the Moon ; provided you make your Visits in the Day-time, you will never be interrupted with the sight of him. For this same pretty Minion of the Dauphin's observes all his Methods. The King of *Albion* having quitted *Madam de Maintenon*, went the next day, after he had spruc'd himself up, to see *Mademoiselle de Broisy*, who had left the Marquis's Convent and liv'd with an old Aunt of hers in the *Fauxburgh Saint Honore*. So soon as the Young Damsel saw King *James*, she fell a laughing — Sir, said she — what brings you hither ? Surely *Madam de Maintenon* must have intruded upon your Civility to make you thus the Messenger to deliver her Errands. Not so, Fair One, (reply'd the King) 'tis only my Desire to kiss your Hands, that makes me pay you this Visit. Sir, (said *Mademoiselle de Broisy*) I am infinitely oblig'd to you for the Honour which

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you

you do me. After some Complements, King *James* would fain have been Carelling her, after the Manner of the Court of *France*, where they never make any tender Protestations to Ladies, but presently go to the point——which not a little surpriz'd the Lady, who ask'd him what he intended to be at?——nothing but the sweet Game of Kissing, my Dear Mioness, (reply'd the King) if you please. Oh Sir, (reply'd the Young Lady) there are so many Kissers i'the World now adays, that they put me out of Conceit with Love——Recall your wandring Affections home again, and cease to tire your self with Lustful Desires, which may warm your Imagination, but otherwise expose you to Vexation and Sorrow. Such a dry Answer put King *James* into such a disorder, that he had not a Word to say for himself. And the Charming Picardin, observing how she had silenc'd the Poor King, left him with a Smile of Derision, and said no more to him.

King

King *James*, who was troubl'd at the Ill Success of his Amour, made a faithful recital of it to the Marchioness of *Maintenon*, who upbraided him that he had neither the Means nor the Art to win a Lady's Affection, which were two things very necessary for a Man, and also very pleasing. The Prince made Answer, That however, he strook the Ladies in the most tender part, and took the most proper way to warm 'em. But continu'd he with a Sigh, Love is no more favourable to me then Fortune; those two Deities are my declar'd Enemies, tho' I never offended 'em. Madam *de Maintenon* put an end to the Discourse by asking the King, whether he would go along with her who was going to visit one of her she Friends, and so they took Coach together.

The Prince of *Turenne*, whom we left with the Countess *de Rourre*, finding the Time drawing near that he was to go to the Army, made frequent Visits to his dear Mistress, as if some forebodings of Death had hinted to him that he should never see her again.

And this was that which he told her every day, as she sat upon his Knee. Ha! my Dear, my Adorable, I shall never return more, my Mind and something within me tells me so. Yet all the Reluctancy I have to leave the World is only for thy sake. And so saying, he could not forbear dropping some few Tears, which the Countess wip'd away, fondling him with a thousand Caresses——Why should you retain such mournful Thoughts, my dear Prince, (said she) I hope your Better Fortune will bring you back again. 'Tis not that which so much disturbs me, but that which makes my Life happy, your Amiable Presence will be eclips'd for some time from me. How difficult a thing it is to keep those Blessings which we most delight in.

The Prince of *Turenne* who saw her somewhat dejected by what he had said, took her in his Arms to comfort her. Never did Lovers give each other greater Proofs of mutual Affection than they two did; the Days were too short for 'em to taste the Sweets of Love; and therefore they spent

spent whole Nights together without being tir'd; which rarely happens in Amorous Combats. But our Charming Countess is generally indefatigable in the Sports of *Venus*; the more she tastes, the more greedy she is. For which important Reason it was, that she always entertain'd a Croud of Lovers that were ready to serve her in their turns. Nor do I speak this without good Ground. For so soon as the Prince of *Turenne* had left her, and given her a thousand Assurances of his Fidelity, some few Hours after, the Dauphin, who came to visit her, spent the remainder of the Day and the next Night with her.

Her Inconstancy and fickle Humour is well known at Court, and the Princess of *Conti* was in the Right when she upbraided the Prince of *Turenne* for his want of Niceness in adhering so stedfastly to a Woman that was so prodigal of her Favours to all Comers and Goers, and who many times unseasonably meets 'em half way. The Princess of *Turenne* is not a Woman of this Character; for she never cares to

pester her self with many Sighers at a time; and 'tis said that she never lov'd any Body so tenderly as the Dauphin who had not the same Sentiments for her. What a folly 'tis for a Lady to love by her self? In a Man that weakness is to be pardon'd, because he is more capable of Love then Women, who ought always to be the last and much more Circumspect in setting their Affections: for nothing is more dangerous then to embark in an Amour. Alas! 'tis a common thing to Shipwreck in the Port of Hope, when we think our selves in safety: the surest way therefore is to love but slightly, and without Vehemency of Attachment. What probability is there (said the Fugitive Queen some time since to the Princess of *Conti*, who condemn'd Violent Passions) for a Woman to preserve her Heart for Indifference, which is the Winter of Love. Oh, Madam, (reply'd the Queen) singing the following Lines,

When

When Tenderness moves, in vain we
pretend

To say where the tender Engagement will
end ;

When first an Amour is but newly begun,
'Tis unknown what 'twill cost us at the
long run.

Alas ! for my Heart, it had still retain'd
Its Primitive Innocence,

Had it growing Desire quite banish'd from
thence

And a Stranger to Love remain'd.

'Tis true, (continu'd the Queen) an En-
gagement sometimes cost us very dear ;
but how shall we pass away our Youth
without a little Love. That Passion
is all the Pleasure of Life ; and
the Days seem long without a little Em-
ployment for the Heart, which de-
lightfully spends our time. Monsieur
the Archbishop, who overheard all the
Ladies discourse at the Door, fell into a
loud Laughter, which made the Prin-
cess of Conti rise from her Seat to see
who was there ; but she was strangely
surpriz'd when she beheld the Illustri-

ous Prelate. Thereupon they chang'd their Subject, and fell to talk of Piety; which the Queen did on purpose, to the end they might not suspect her Intrigue with the Roman Doctor; but 'twas in vain for her to play the Hypocrite; for her wistful Looks declar'd the Contrary. Besides that the Princess of *Conti* has too quick a Wit, to be ignorant of the Queen of *Albion's* Gallantries. - The Queen also her self observ'd that there was an Eye upon her; which made her leave the Company sooner then otherwise she would have done; then which there could have been nothing more favourable to the sanctify'd Prelate, who desir'd above all things an Opportunity to make known to her Majesty the Excess of his Love. The Queen, who still dissembl'd at her usual rate, feign'd that all the Caresses of her Lover were most acceptable to her, and that she preferr'd 'em before all others; which greatly augmented the Prelate's Delight, believing himself the most fortunate of Men, in possessing the Heart of so amiable a Princess entirely to himself. But Men
are

are frequently deceiv'd in their Hopes, particularly about Matters of Love, which promises more Felicity then it has in store, and fills the Thoughts of those that Love with a thousand airy Blessings. Thus it was that Monsieur the Archbishop flatter'd his Passion, in caressing the Queen, who assur'd him on her part, That she would be faithful to him as long as she liv'd, and that she could never love any other but himself, for Reasons that her Majesty could not express.

All these tender Protestations being at an end, the Archbishop took his leave of the Queen, and went with his Official to meet the Bishop of *Meaux* at the House of one of the Presidents, who liv'd at *Lisle Notredam*. After he had discours'd of Publick Affairs, and of the Decrees which our Monarch had issu'd forth, the two Prelates went to recreate themselves at *Conflans* about a small League from *Paris*, where they drank so much of the Archbishop's good Wine, that it warm'd the devout Friends of *Bacchus* to that degree, as to tell what Favours they had receiv'd

from their Mistresses, which put them upon relating several pleasant Stories that held 'em a long time. The Bishop of *Meaux* drank the Queen's Health smiling upon the Archbishop, who pledg'd the Company very courteously, telling 'em withal, That nothing was more acceptable to him, then to hear 'em talk of that Princess, in whom he had observ'd an Extraordinary Merit, and that Fortune was not just to abandon her Cause. What you say is true Sir, (said the President) but we are not always rewarded according to our Deserts; wherefore your Artists paint that Deity Blind. Upon that, the Bishop of *Meaux* could not forbear desiring his Friends to drink a good Health to the Archbishop's Inclinations, naming no Body. But in regard the Conquests that Love makes, can be no more conceal'd then Fire it self, every Body knew that Fair Ladies took up the greatest part of that Illustrious Prelate's time. The President, laughing at the same time, said that *Madam de Bourneville* had a great Share in the Joy that appear'd in the Bishop

Bishop of *Meaux's* Countenance. Nor did that Prelate much gainsay it ; quite the contrary, with a Courtly Aire he confess'd that he was as sensible of the Charms of handsome Ladies as another Man, and that his Character could not mortifie his Passions, and that the Prohibitions of the Church forbidding Matrimony, and the touching any Woman, did but corroborate the Propensity of Men to that Sex. Every Body applauded the Bishop's Opinion, which was maintain'd for Truth by several Glasses of Wine which they drank off, and then threw over their Shoulders in honour of the Ladies. Never was so much Incense offer'd to *Bacchus* and *Venus* as that Day, which seem'd to be one of their Festivals. After this Debauch was at an end, which lasted a day or two, the Pious Fathers of the Roman Catholick Church return'd to *Paris* more serious then ever.

King *James* whom the bad Condition of his Affairs had cast into a deep Melancholly, and who knew not how to imploy himself to dissipate his Trouble, and to divert

vert the mournful Idea's that crouded
 his Thoughts for the Loss of his Crown;
 spent his time in a thousand Trifles.
 Amongst the rest, he very frequently
 went to see his Son, the Little Prince
 of *Wales*, to dandle him, and hear his
 Prittle-prattle, which was very Extra-
 ordinary, considering his Years. Ma-
 demoiselle *de Bordage*, a French Wo-
 man, who was plac'd about him to
 teach him the Language, and to go-
 vern him in the Absence of his Tutor,
 always made a faithful Relation of the
 hopeful Parts of the Young Prince,
 which made the King often laugh at
 her manner of Expressing her self.
 But as it is impossible to avoid loving
 handsome Persons, nor to let 'em un-
 derstand as much, King *James* re-
 solv'd to make a Tryal of his Skill,
 maugre his unwillingness to do it.
 For the Poor Prince had so ill suc-
 ceeded in his Amours, as well as in
 every thing else, that he durst not at-
 tempt the making of tender and amo-
 rous Declarations. Nevertheless the
 Posture of his Affairs requir'd it, to
 the end he might dispell the Troubles
 of

of his Mind, as we have said already.

One day, this solitary Prince said sighing to *Madam Bordage*, That he was the most unfortunate of Men in all his Undertakings, and that he never prosper'd in any thing, which reduc'd him sometimes to that Despair, that Death it self would have been welcome to him. And indeed the King had no great Reason to take any Pleasure in this Life; for every Body look'd upon him with Contempt since his Fatal Fall. *Mrs. Bordage* seem'd to be compassionately mov'd with the King's bemoaning his Affliction to her; so that she endeavour'd to comfort him up the best she could. VVherein King *James* observ'd a great deal of good Nature, and thank'd her for her being so much concern'd in his Troubles. His Majesty spent some time in Acknowledgment which grew up to Love, and which he kept secret in his Heart, without speaking a Word for above six Months. But in regard that Passion cannot last long without bursting forth, the King, who
was

was troubl'd with concealing it longer, resolv'd to speak of it to her that had given it Birth and Growth : but still in dubious and far-fetch'd Expressions, only to sound the Ladies Intentions. The Fair Lady, who thought the King was talking to her of some Advantageous Match, shew'd her self nothing Squeamish in her Answers. Which confirm'd our Amorous Prince in his Hopes. For which reason, he urg'd her one day to tell him, Whether she could tenderly Love an Honest Gentleman who should think himself happy to please her. Sir, (said she) I know not what to say, you puzzle me with your Proposal, for I would willingly see the Person you propound. You know, Sir, (continu'd she) that we must have a Sight of the Objects before we fix our Love, that we may have some Foundation for our Passion. 'Tis very certain, Madam, (reply'd King *James*) but true Lovers are still afraid of being favourably heard; and therefore they are not so forward to declare themselves at first. If this Person you speak of, Sir, be a Person
of

of Merit, for any thing else, you need not fear his being belov'd. That Conceit of Madam *Bordage's* made the King laugh, who reply'd, I find, Madam, that you love handsome Young Men that have a great Deal of Wit. Yes, Sir, (answer'd she) I have always had a Kindness for deserving Gentlemen. The King, perceiving this Lady would never love a Person who had so little to recommend him as he had, sheath'd up his Complements, without saying any more, leaving the rest to Fortune; tho' there is no great likelihood that she will ever be kind to that miserable Prince.

The Curate of St. *Martin*, who had not seen his divine Queen in some time, went to the Convent of *Mercy* to visit one of his Kinswomen, with a design to meet the Queen there, who frequently went to visit the Princesses of *Soissons*, both Prisoners in that place. But so soon as the Curate saw her Majesty, he chang'd Colour, and seem'd to be abash'd, which the Company well observ'd, tho' they thought him only dash'd out of Countenance by

by the Queen's Presence. But they were quite other Motions which caus'd that Disturbance in our Illustrious Gallant. His Love for that Princess put him sometimes into strange Disorders, which however he took great Care to conceal. But the Queen, who was not so scrupulous, chid him frequently for so doing, tho' he begg'd her still to dissemble their Intrigue as much as she could.

After they had been for some time at the Convent, and talk'd of several Pleasant and Witty Things, the Queen took her leave of the sorrowful Sisters, and went to take a Promenade in her Coach with the Curate of *St. Martin*, as also to make two or three Visits, which by no means pleas'd the Abbot, who lov'd privacy in Sinning, and who would have lik'd it much better to have been Head to Head with his Princess in her Chamber. However Good Manners would not permit him to leave her, and there was no other way but Patience; for he must follow all the Dances the Queen led him.

At length the Sun beginning to Set,
oblig'd

oblig'd the Queen to return to Saint *Germain's* with her Lover, who was weary of running from Visit to Visit, and seem'd to be glad of a little Solitude with his dear Mistress. The Queen therefore desiring him to walk up into her Chamber, lay down upon the Bed with her Soul-saving Curate by her, who several times assur'd her of his Love, and his Tenderness for her Majesty. To which the Queen embracing him, made answer, That she should have a perpetual Love for him, and that she would never change her Inclination. And their Conversation was still upon the same Subject, when *Madam Bordage* was sent to give the Queen notice that Supper was ready. With that our Lovers somewhat heated with their Amorous Dalliances, took time to cool themselves before they went down. The Curate also would fain have been going home, but the Queen desir'd him to Sup with her; to which, with much ado He consented. For the poor Curate was always out of Order when he had been carelling the Princess; which

which put him into a kind of Confusion when he came into Company.

The Queen observing his Weakness, upbraided him before she left the Chamber. What! (said she) my Dear, such a Novice to be thus out of Heart upon a little Amorous Combat! you will never make a true Soldier of *Venus*, if you have not more Courage and more Resolution. Come, come, (said the Queen, taking him by the Arm) the Meat is upon the Table, and Supper will grow cold; two or three Glasses of Wine will revive your Strength, and put yee into a better Humour. That said, the Curate could not forbear laughing at the sprightly Gaiety of the Queen. However all the Supper-time, not a Word of any thing but Piety and Devotion, which the Italian Ladies always observe to do, when they are with their Gallants, to persuade the World that they have been doing no Harm, and that their Familiarity goes not so far as Courtship, which requires great Caution. But for all that, they may give Credit to
outward

outward Appearances that please ; we must needs say that the Fugitive Queen leaves nothing omitted to divertise her self, and to forget her Misfortunes which would every day present to her Eyes a thousand dreadful Idea's, did she not take care to remove 'em from her sight.

After they had Supp'd, the Queen retir'd to her Chamber, where she play'd at Cards for an Hour or two with her Gallant, who knew that King *James* was abroad, and that he would not return home by such a Time. Their Discourse all the while was extremely Pleasant and Jocular, and a thousand pleasant Things were discours'd of to pass away the time. The Curate was never in such a brisk Humour as at that Instant, his Eyes sparkling with an Amorous Fire, and the most tender in the World, which extremely pleas'd his Princess, who was not wanting on her part to supply the Conversation with a thousand Fancies and Witty Jokes that naturally flow'd from her, for which reason she is tenderly

tenderly belov'd by those that are intimate with her.

And now the Night being far spent, the Curate took his leave, after several Adieu's, intermix'd with most passionate and sensible Assurances. For the Queen who was weary of Saint *Germain's*, has made a Match with a Lady of her Intimate Acquaintance to spend two or three Months with her at her House about six Leagues from *Paris*. Which was the Reason that our two Lovers had much ado to part; and tho' the most tender Protestations were made use of, they could not forbear letting fall Tears in abundance, particularly the Curate, whose Soul was very sensible of the Absence of his Beloved, and who suffer'd the loss of her with an Impatient Grief. As for the Queen, she was more easily rid of her Sorrow, having a large and spacious Heart, which was the Reason that her Melancholy had the more room; besides that she lov'd several Persons at a time, which divided her several ways, and freed her from

from any vehement Attachment. And now the Day for her departure being come, the Queen went to take her leave of her Friends, not forgetting the Archbishop to whom she pay'd a Visit, under pretence of consulting with him about Important Affairs, which infus'd an extraordinary Joy into the Prelate, who splendidly regal'd his Princess. Mean while, the Dutches of Nemours, and the Marchioness of Seignelay, who were of the Knot, waited at her Home with great Impatience, for it was high time to be gone. But the Queen, who was well at ease with her enamour'd Piece of Gravity, never thought of her Company ; which constrain'd the Marchioness to send one of her Pages to let the Queen understand that the Marchioness stay'd for her. With that the Queen took her leave of her enamour'd Father Grizzle, who waited on her in his long Violet Robe to her Coach, tenderly Kissing her Hand at parting.

So soon as the Ladies saw the Queen, We must confess, Madam, (said they with a Smile) that Religious Persons have

have a great Ascendant over your Majesty, and you are so passionately in Love with the Fathers of the Church, that 'tis a trouble to yee to leave their Company. 'Tis true indeed, Ladies, that the Archbishop is the most Complaissant Person in the World. He wants neither Discourse nor Pleasuries to entertain his Guests. Nothing less, Madam, then our Archbishop's Talents can merit your Esteem (reply'd the Dutches of Nemours.) But let us lose no time — we have a long Journey to Ride. Thereupon the Queen and the rest of the Company, took Coach and left the Town, to the great Grief of their Lovers.

The next Day the Queen being arriv'd at *Lily* with her small Court, Hunting-Matches, Banquets, and a thousand other Country Divertisements, afforded every Day new Supplies of Pleasure. But in regard that Mirth is never perfect without the Masculine Sex, the Ladies, when they saw two or three Cavaliers of their Acquaintance that came to visit 'em, their Pleasures redoubl'd in seeing the
Lords,

Lords, who corresponded to the Best of their Power with the Ladies Civilities. Among the rest, there was the Chevalier *de Soissons*, who fell in Love with the Queen's good Humour and her Wit, which she can wind and turn to Sport and Merriment as she pleases. I admire how this Princess could harbour so much Jocundry, considering her Adversities, which would have cast any other but her self into an Abyss of Grief, and caus'd her for ever to renounce the World. Yet those mournful Idea's make no Impression upon her Majesty. On the other side, the more our Italian is oppress'd with Calamity, the more she addicts her self to her Delights.

The Chevalier *de Soissons*, who left nothing omitted to second the Inclination of his Princess, supply'd her with all the most Charming Pleasures he could invent; and because he knew she was a Passionate Lover of Musick, and of whatever was grateful to the Sences, he entertain'd her with the most Harmonious Simphonies in the World of all sorts of Instruments in the

the middle of a Forrest; after which, there was a Magnificent Collation ready prepar'd under a Shady Bower: All which Divertisements would have extremely pleas'd the Queen, had they cost her nothing. But the Chevalier who never did something for nothing, but expected that the Favours of the Princess should reimburse him for his Expences, never left her, perceiving in her Physiognomy that she was none of the cruellest, and that she lov'd the Company of Men. Wherein he was not deceiv'd, seeing it was the Queen's weak side. She has also several times confess'd, that Love was the thing to which she was most inclin'd, and which charm'd her above any thing in the World. For which reason, Men that admir'd the Female Sex were always welcome to her. But as for this last Gallant, the Princess had other measures to take. For the Chevalier *de Soissons* was the Archbishop's Intimate Crony and his Confident. That Prelate entrusted this Young Spark with all his Secrets, because he was the most discreet and faithful of all that he had honour'd with his Friendship.

All

All these Considerations kept the Queen's Mind in suspense: she knew not what to do, to satisfy her new Lover, who every day gave her a thousand Proofs of his Affection, and who could not live a Minute absented from her. How shall I dare to trust a Young Man, (said she to her self) who it may be after he has receiv'd all the Favours I can bestow upon him, will make it his delight to boast of 'em publicly in the City, as all Persons of his Age commonly do; which would be an Extraordinary Trouble to me, particularly if the Archbishop should know it. How would that Prelate bespatter me with the Reproaches of Faithless and Perfidious, after so many Oaths and Assurances, as I have given him! No Darling of *Venus*, that solicit me to Infidelity, flatter me no more with your new Charms, since my Duty opposes your Pleasures. Thus the Queen argu'd with her self at some times, and at others was e'en ready to surrender to him the most precious Jewel she had, not being able to withstand the Importunate Charms of her

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Victor. At length, one day that this Princess was alone with the Chevalier, and that she felt her Heart very tender, and not able to resist a Violent Temptation, she would have gone away from him. But the Chevalier stopp'd her, tenderly asking her the Reasons why she fled him. I know not, (reply'd the Queen, with a troubl'd Countenance) I feel my self so feeble and haunted with an Idea which perplexes me, that I cannot tell how to express it to yee. Ah! Madam, (cry'd the Chevalier, who knew what it was that troubl'd the Princess) would I might be so happy as to be able to alleviate your Pains, and lessen your Sorrows. Oh, Sir, (reply'd the Queen with a mournful Tone) your Presence do's but aggravate 'em — how troublesome a thing it is to Love — She stopp'd at this last Word, which she utter'd notwithstanding the Opposition of her Tongue. Her Heart no longer able to dissemble, spoke in despite of her Reluctancy, as usually it happens to Persons that would disguise their Love. But the Chevalier who would not be put off with

With these little Shilly-shally Tricks,
 threw himself presently at her Feet, and
 kissing her Hands a thousand times,
 swore to her, That he lov'd her better
 than himself, and that he should be the
 most unfortunate of Men if she had
 not Compassion upon him in the Con-
 dition wherein he was. The Princess,
 who was as much Embarrass'd as her
 Gallant, said the same thing to him.
 Never was seen an Amour so languish-
 ing, or which rais'd more Pity : To
 tell yee what they did to comfort them-
 selves, I will not undertake, because I
 know nothing but that the next Eve-
 ning it was observ'd that the Queen
 was very Pensive and full of Medita-
 tion, which the Ladies took notice
 of by way of Raillery ; telling her,
 that she had some Reasons for quitting
 their Company, for that as far they
 could understand, the Advantage of
 the Promenade had redounded to her,
 and they had only far'd the better for
 her Company. The Queen made no an-
 swer to this and a thousand other Petty
 Galleries that were thrown upon Her
 and the Chevalier, who appear'd well

satisfy'd with his Good Fortune, and never regarded what they said. The Dutchess of Nemours could not choose but fall a Laughing to see the Queen sit so gravely and soberly, who spoke very little at all that Evening, feigning her self not well.

The next Morning the Princes, who had reflected upon every thing that pass'd the Day before, found her self a little more Blithe and Gay. It seems the Night which is the Counsellor of all Men, had given her new Vigour and Joy. Which pleas'd the Chevalier, who was troubl'd that his Love had occasion'd her Sadness. After this, they went to walk in the Garden to take the Air; at what time the Queen, moving towards a Fountain to behold the Figures that compass'd it, and spouted forth Water into several parts of the Garden, gave the Chevalier an Opportunity to stop likewise, and to declare to his Fair Queen the Condition of his Heart in the most Passionate Terms that might be, asking withal how she had pass'd away the Night. Sadly enough, (answer'd she with a Sigh) I

and am afraid my Weakness for your sake
 The will do me an Injury. How! Madam,
 (reply'd the Chevalier) can you mi-
 secreely trust the Fidelity of my Love? After
 the kind Favours I have receiv'd from
 your Majesty, I should be the most
 wretched of Mortals, should I betray
 the most amiable Princess that ever
 was. These Assurances pacify'd the
 Queen's Disturbances, and caus'd her
 to return to *Paris* with a full Tranquil-
 lity of Mind, not dreaming that her
 Young Gallant would have so indis-
 creetly publish'd the Favours he had
 receiv'd at her Hands.

However the first thing he did when
 he saw the Archbishop, was to tell him
 the whole Story as it had been acted,
 and that the Queen was very Chari-
 table. Why say you so, Sir, (reply'd the
 Prelate smiling) no Body can have
 too much Compassion for the Mife-
 rable. 'Tis very true, Sir, (answer'd
 the Chevalier *de Soissons*, laughing out-
 right) true Charity has no Bounds.
 The Prelate, in a few Words unfolded
 the Young Chevalier's Enigma, and
 immediately went and told it to the

Queen, who was at her Wits end to find her self so basely betray'd. This is your hare-brain'd Fop, (said she to the Sorbonne Doctor) that you value so highly, who is so impertinent to tell the Greatest Lyes in the World : his Indiscretion deserves Punishment, a Bruit not worthy the Consideration of such a Person as I am. *But I shall tell him his own. This said, the Queen went into her Closet, and in the Heat of her Anger wrote the following Lines.

*The Queen's Letter to the Count
of Soissons.*

‘ Things are reported in the
 ‘ World that no Body could
 ‘ know but your self and I; but I am
 ‘ assur'd I never publish'd 'em; and
 ‘ this will be easily believ'd, if you
 ‘ consider the Nature of the Things
 ‘ that are divulg'd. This vile Report
 ‘ proceeds then only from your Indif-
 ‘ cretion. Nevertheless you have the
 ‘ Impudence to make me the Object
 ‘ of your Railleries, and to give it out
That

That I am very Charitable. Perfidious Man! not content to violate the Oath of Secresie which you swore to me, but perhaps daring enough to make me False Protestations of your Counterfeit Innocency. But I know yee now; and you shall never triumph more over my Tenderneſs; I am recover'd from my Error, and find you altogether unworthy to enjoy the leaſt Kindneſs of ſuch a Princeſs as I am. A Man cannot be indifcreet without being perfidious, as I am ſure you are. For which reaſon I can no longer love yee; my Reaſon teaches me, that Men love only out of Vanity, and that they act not out of any Principle of Honour. I am oblig'd to your Infidelity for being ſo well inſtructed. Adieu, perfidious Man. Nothing vexes me ſo much, but that I was ſo baſely deſcended by a Traytor.

I cannot expreſs the Surprize that ſeiz'd the Chevalier, when he had read this Letter, He that thought to have diverted himſelf with his Good Fortune.

tune. He presently judg'd it could only come from the Archbishop his good Friend. But in regard that Rivals can never agree, the Prélate who was jealous to the highest pitch, could not endure that any Body should speak reproachfully of the Person that he lov'd above all others. For that reason he prefer'd the Princess's Amity before the Chevalier's Friendship, who did but laugh at the Business, and made a hunder'd Jests and Railleries upon it. Among the rest this was one of his Lampoons, speaking in the Person of the Woman.

*When we our Favours grant, in Love's hot
Fury,*

*Men must Discretion use,
And in th' Eternal Grave of Silence bury,*

*What we perhaps could not refuse:
Disclose not the Secrets of Female
Desire,*

*'Tis all the Reward that we Women
require.*

These Verses did but provoke the Queen, who after her new Gallant had carry'd himself so indiscreetly, would.

would no longer see any Body familiarly, finding 'em unworthy of her Favours, since they had not the power to keep the Secret, which is the main Act in Gallantry, that a Chevalier ought to observe. For Ladies, whose Inclinations leads 'em to favour their Gallants, are mad when they meet with Infidelity. These are the Important Reasons why the Queen sees no body that belongs to the Court. She now reserves all her Tenderness for the Religious Orders, and the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, who are not so generally subject to Human Frailties as others. These Reverend Fathers have one Perfection which is not to be met with among secular Courtiers. They dare not publish the Favours they receive from Women, out of a Maxim which is hereditary to their Order. You see by this, what good Reason our Princess had to confine her Love within the Cloysters. This is the way to have no more occasion of repenting for having condescended to the fickleness of the Chevaliers, who cannot sometimes forbear to set upon the

Wings of Fame the Kindnesses which they receive from their Mistresses.

However the Queen, after she had for some time taken up a Resolution to see no Body, began to be weary of it, when Monsieur the Curate came to visit her. The Princess was very glad to see him, and was extremely Civil, giving him an account of her Troubles, and of the Distinction which she made between Him and Others. The Curate far from contradicting her, agreed with her in what she said, and convinc'd her, that there were no Men in the World that better understood how to preserve a Secret than the Church-men. What you say is very true, (answer'd the Princess) for which reason, I renounce all the Gallantries of the Court; that I may wholly devote my self to you without any Reservation; as a thing that is very necessary; for I cannot shake off the Instigations of my Heart; the time seems tedious to me, when I have not something to Love. I confess, Madam, (reply'd the Abbot) that there is no Sweetness in Life with-

out-

out a little Love ; for the pleasure of Loving is that which seasons all things. Yes, my Dear, (reply'd the Queen, embracing him) I know there is nothing that lives which can forbear Loving. The most Innocent of Creatures make it appear by their tender Caresses. All Nature loves, and there is nothing created but for Pleasure. Oh, Madam, (cry'd the Curate) how I am Charm'd, that you concur with me in my Sentiments ; Let us endeavour to unite our selves so closely together, that time which wears out the fastest Ligaments may never separate us. You stretch to Immortality, Mr. Abbot (reply'd the Queen, laughing) you know that we cannot live always, and consequently our Love must have an end ; but let us Enjoy the Present time as much as lies in our Power. The Queen pronounc'd those Words with an Aire the most amorous i'the World, which incited her Gallant to push the Opportunity forward. So that his Enamour'd Lady throwing her self faintly upon a little Bed made after the Italian Fashion, there is no question to be made but that the Curate and his Princess

Princess tasted all the Sweets of their tender Affection. Our Lovers were in the midst of their Dalliances, when Word was brought 'em, that King *James* was coming up Stairs. I leave you to guess how the Young Abbot was disturb'd at this unexpected News. In short, the Queen caus'd him to resume his first serious Countenance, and his Cloak, and his Prayer-Book in his Hand, making as if he had been studying his Breviary for the Edification of our Princess, who is extreamly devout, as you may perceive by her Religious Conduct.

The King was overjoy'd to find his Consort so piously employ'd. He caress'd her with a world of tender Language, and was mighty thankful to the Priest, who acted the Hypocrite and the Saint the best that he could. The whole Conversation rowl'd upon Piety and Morality. Never had the Queen so great a desire to have laugh'd outright to see in what an unlucky Figure she had made the poor Unfortunate Husband appear in, who is the most easie Man in the World, for he believes whatever is said to him with the

the greatest readiness imaginable.

By this, it growing near Dinner-time, the King invited the Curate, who very modestly excus'd himself, telling his Majesty, That he had Business of Importance that call'd him home, and which he could not dispence withall; but that he was infinitely oblig'd to his Majesty for the Honour which he did him. Come, Mr. Curate, (said the Queen, interrupting him) you want such a world of intreaty——Come, come, the Offer's a good Offer, and not to be refus'd. Oh, Madam, (answer'd the Curate) 'tis my Misfortune, that 'tis not in my Power to enjoy this Offer, but I hope your Majesty will not take it amiss. After several other Complements, the Queen perceiving that her Invitation did but render her Gallant uneasie, gave him his Liberty, letting him know however by a private Sign, that she would be glad to see him oftner.

The Abbot, being thus disingag'd from King *James's* Presence, was the most overjoy'd Man i'the World, and went home to ponder upon the Kindnesses

nesses which he had receiv'd from his Incomparable Princess. These Idea's infus'd a kind of Pride and Vanity into him, which his Acquaintance took notice of. For which reason his Sister Madam *de Fontaine* upbraided him, that he was grown so haughty ever since his Admission into St. *James's*; that no Body was good enough to keep him Company. You will not always be the Favourite of a Queen, Brother, (said she) the good Fortune that comes from Great People, is as brittle as Glass, which the least fall breaks in pieces. Oh—my dear Sister (reply'd the Curate) I can never believe, there will be a speedy end of the Caresses of that Princess. Truly Brother (answer'd his Sister) you are a Man of an easie Belief, to think that you are the only Man that enjoys the Queen's Favours; she loves all the Hats and Caps she sees; her Love knows no Bounds. The last Adventure she had with the Chevalier *de Soissons* is no small Stain to her Honour, for that same Lord makes Sport with it to her discredit. If you knew how they talk of her at the Marchioness of *Seignelay's*, you would not have

have so great a Love and Esteem for her as you have. But Sister (answer'd the Curate) do you believe all that is said; every body has the Liberty to Chat what they please. The Marchioness lies no less under the lash of Scandal than the Queen. Many times People report a hunder'd Things of which they know nothing at all, telling a thousand Tales only to pass away the Time. Besides, the greatest People are not exempt from the Tongues of Scandal and Calumny. A Man must set himself above such Trifles, if he intends to live at Ease. Mrs. *Fontaine* who perceiv'd that her Brother was resolv'd to go his own way, left him, and went to visit the Marchioness *de P——*, who was much her Friend out of a Motive of Interest, for that the Marchioness having a Passionate Love for Madam *Fontaine*, told her every thing she knew. By which means she came to understand a good part of her Brother's Business with the Queen, for that the Marchioness was every Day with that same Amorous Princess, and was the Depository of her Secrets.

The Marchioness and Madam *Fontaine*

raine being thus got together, had a long Chat together in English, all upon the Subject of the Queen's Gallantries, and upon the tender Expressions of the Queen, when she is with her dear Curate. Little dost thou know, my dear, (said the Marchioness) how happy thy Brother is; the Queen kisses and embraces him a thousand times aday, and talks to him a hunder'd pretty things, the most endearing in the World. How came yee too know these Circumstances so particularly, Madam, (said Madam *de Fontaine* laughing) I know these things, my Dear, (said the Marchioness) because I often find 'em together billing like two Pigeons: Oh! cry'd Mademoiselle *de Fontaine*, Has my Brother push'd his Fortune so far? 'Tis very well, Mr. Abbot (continu'd she) I find you are not always at your Books and your Prayers, and that your Conversation is not altogether so Godly as you would make me believe. He were a Fool (reply'd the Marchioness) if he did not make the Best of the Opportunity which his kind Stars present him. In Sincerity, my dear Child, thy Brother

ther has a Physiognomy that shews him no hater of Ladies, and therefore his Character and Function no way suit with him ; besides, dost thou believe he would refuse the Favours which she bestows upon him ; no, no — he has more Wit then so. While the Marchioness was thus talking, the Queen enter'd the Chamber, and ask'd her if she would go along with her to pay a Visit to the Dutches of Orleans. Now Madam P—s lov'd to accompany the Queen to the Dutches of Orleans, because she would sometimes say, when she was in a good Humour, that she admir'd that Prince for his Courty ways above any other Person of the Court, which often made the Queen laugh, who was particularly acquainted with Monsieur the Duke, and would many times say that he had too Effeminate an Aire, and was too poor Spirited for a Prince of the Blood. But for all this the Marchioness would be continually speaking in his Praise ; and it was observ'd that her Passion grew stronger and stronger. So that the Queen said to her, laughing, one Day, Ah ! my Dear, talk no more.

more of thy Inclination; when thou wer't Young, perhaps the Duke might have had some Tenderneſs for thee; but alas! now, who would mind thee. 'Tis a ſad thing when a Woman comes to the Winter of her Age. The Marchioneſs ſeem'd ſomething mortify'd by the Queen's Railery, but modeſtly reply'd, 'Tis true, Madam, what you ſay; however you muſt acknowledge that Ages do's not deſtroy the Paſſions: Or if it make ſome alteration in our Complexions, yet ſtill we are ſenſible of ſome Remainders of what we have been. All this while (reply'd the Queen) I am not arriv'd as yet at your Years, however I begin already to diſguſt the Familiarity and Courtſhip of the World. When I conſider, my Dear, (contin'd the Queen) how little Men in general deſerve the Affection of Women, thoſe Idea's ſet me at an Incredible Enmity with that Inconſtant and Fickle Sex, who for the moſt part only act by Motives of Vanity, or by ſome other Principle of as little Value. No, no—Men love not now, nor did they ever Love. I have had ſeveral
Woful

Woful Experiences of it. I find Retirement a thousand times more charming: the Pleasures of Sense make those Impressions that grieve and perplex the Mind; whereas the Delights of Solitude are more sweet and not so liable to Vexations. But Madam, (reply'd the Marchioness) is it possible for us to spend our Days always in Contemplation and Silence? Somewhat of Motion in Life causes all the Sweetness of it. I have said the same thing as often as thee, my Dear; but I find by Experience, (answer'd the Queen) that the Motion which charms Thee, is sometimes very dangerous, and that it produces strange Effects. This Conversation was interrupted by the Count of *Laufun*, who stay'd a long time with the Queen to divert her with Variety of Stories.

But let us return to the Visit which the Queen gave the Dutches of *Orleans*, where she found a Croud of Persons of the Highest Quality. They fell to Play all the Afternoon, and then to the Comedy, which happen'd to be new and very Witty. But all these Pastimes could not dissipate the Queen's Disturbances.

Disturbances. Her Thoughts were taken up with the Faithfulness of her Gallants, and the Resolutions she was taking never more to listen to the tender Sentiments of her Heart. She was making an Agreement with her Eyes never more to be sensible of the deceitful Merits of her Adorers. Possess'd with these Idea's therefore, the Queen retir'd home with a world of Coldness and Indifferency, which extreamly surpriz'd the Company, who knew her brisk and airy Humour: every one argu'd after their own Fancies, and what their Thoughts suggested. Only the Duke of Orleans and Madam *Maintenon* hit upon the true Cause, and publickly declar'd that her Majesty was resolv'd no longer to keep Company with Men, because she did not find 'em faithful. Wo is me, (reply'd the Princess of *Conti*) how long has the Queen been troubl'd with this Qualm of Vertuous Sentiments? She was angry with me not long since, because I laugh'd, and said, that Gallantry was always attended with unlucky Consequences. Madam, (reply'd the Duke of *Vendosme*, smiling) when Women cease to have

a winning way, and become the Conquest of the first that comes, it behoves 'em often to excuse their Weaknesses; but if Women were wise that desire a Gallant, they would never change when they have the Good Fortune to meet with one that is discreet: but human Frailty is so prevalent in us, that we want Ragoos to whet our Apperites. The Duke utter'd these Words with an Aire the most Satyrical in the World. Which the Dutcheß of Orleans having observ'd, Pray tell me, Sir, (said she) are you always satisfy'd with one Mistress? and have you never any desire to change? No, Madam, (reply'd the Duke) were I so happy to enjoy one, I would no more leave her then the Shadow do's the Body. Ah! Good Man, (cry'd the Dutcheß) what Pity 'tis, that so faithful a Lover as you should want a Mistress. How happy are you, (continu'd her Royal Highness) that you are in Love with nothing but Honour. Oh! Madam, (reply'd the Princess of Conti) if I may be thought to know, what Monsieur the Dauphin told me t'other Day, this Dissembler is embark'd in a very considerable Engagement. 'Tis Madam de St. Agremon who has now recover'd his

his Appetite ; he is all on Fire for that Fair Lady. The Duke blush'd to hear the Princess declare so openly without any Reservation ; and with a serious Tone, Madam, (said he) where had you all this News ? 'tis more then I know my self. The Princess upon that, perceiving that she had disgust'd the Duke, turn'd the Discourse another way. But Monsieur *de Vendosme* could not for all that, forbear to manifest his Resentment to the Princess, in forbearing to wait upon her as he was wont to do. The next Day the Dauphin reprimanded him ; to whom the Duke reply'd with a serious Aire, I entrusted you with the Secret of my Soul, and you go and tell it again to a Lady who has much ado to conceal her own Privacies. I must needs tell yee, Sir, it very much troubl'd me, and that was the reason I did not wait upon her. Nothing vexes me more then an Amour disclos'd. On the other side, if Madam *St. Agremont* should come to understand that there was the least suspicion of her being gallanted, I must never see her more ; which would be the greatest Torment to me in the World, for I am passionately Enamour'd. I may say, without any Hyberbole, that she is
the

the most amiable Person that ever was born. Forbear to praise your Mistress, (said the Dauphin) before Persons that may fall in Love with her as well as your self: Love enters into the Heart as well through the Ears as through the Eyes.

Oh, Monsieur, (reply'd the Duke of Vendosme) you are so taken up with your Illustrious Mistresses, that you have not a Minute to spare to cast your Eyes upon others. Be not over-confident, (reply'd the Monsieur) Appearances are deceitful; I love Change as well as you: Adieu, I must leave yee for a Moment. Thus the Monsieur left the Duke of *Vendosme*, and went to see the Countess of *Rourre*, whom he had promis'd to meet at an appointed Rendezvous.

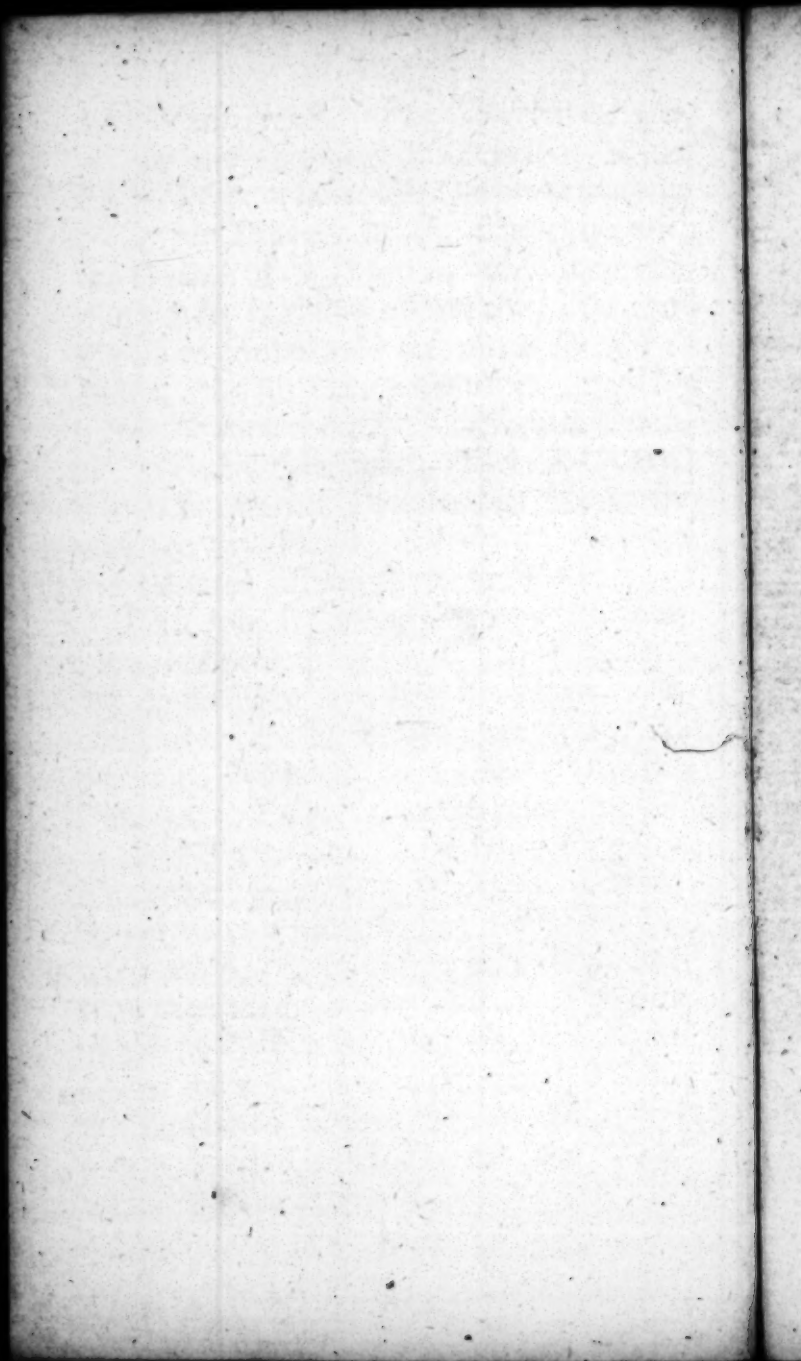
Let us now return to the Queen, who has now no longer any Inclination to the Gallants of the Court, or if she has, 'tis so indifferent, that she hardly feels her self warm'd by it. She is now fully resolv'd to observe the devout Lessons which the Church-men inspire into her, and which she finds more pleasing to her Palate, because that this Devotion being well order'd, encloses within it, unknown Mysteries that cover all Appearances of Pleasure
and

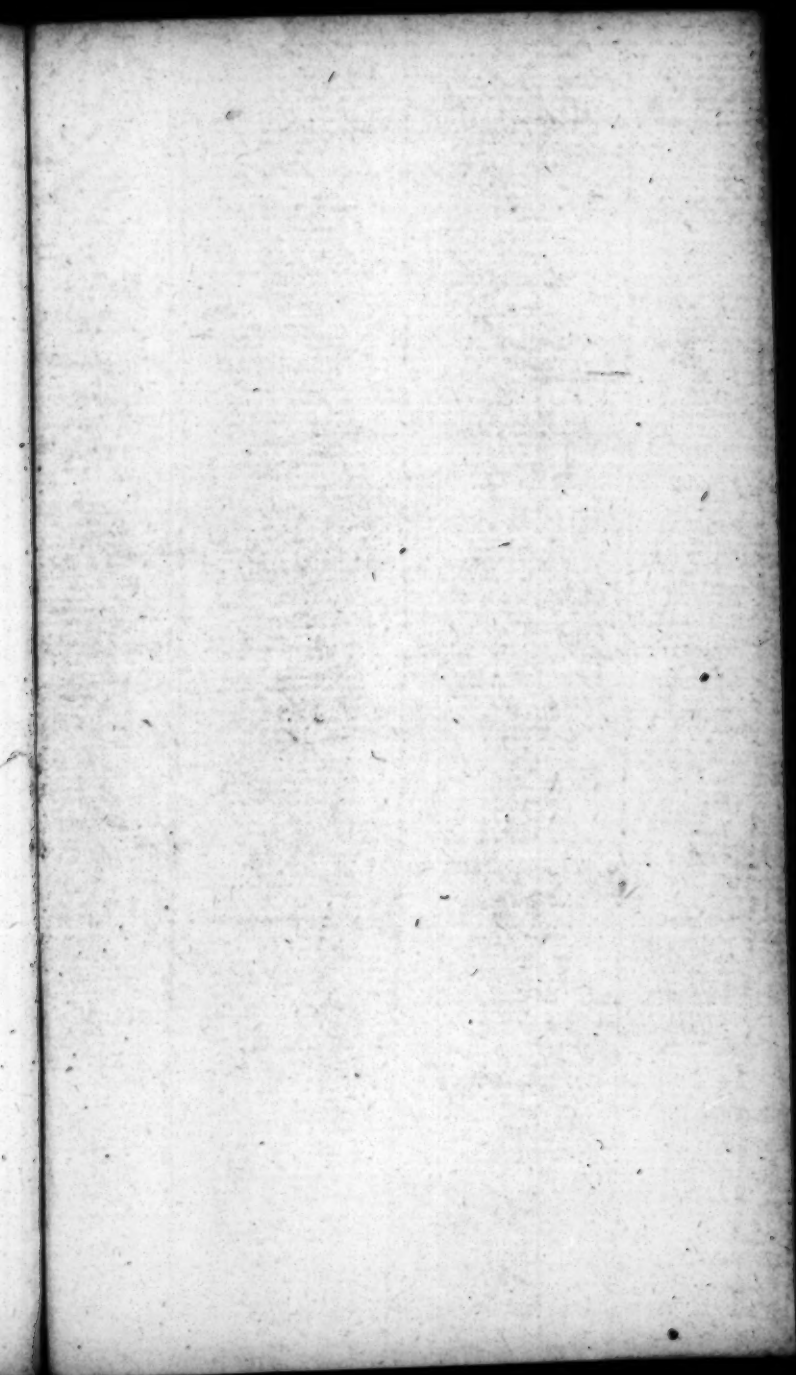
and Wantonness. The Convent of *Mercy*, in the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*, is the Usual Place where the Queen now goes to say her Prayers in the Day-time with the Curate of *St. Martin*, who accompanies her in her Pious Exercise, and who Preaches sometimes in terms so full of Piety, that his Hearers must be insensible not to be mov'd with his Religious Oratory. 'Tis by that means, (said the Queen) that this discreet Prelate has found the way to my Heart: Devotion enchants me beyond all things in the World.

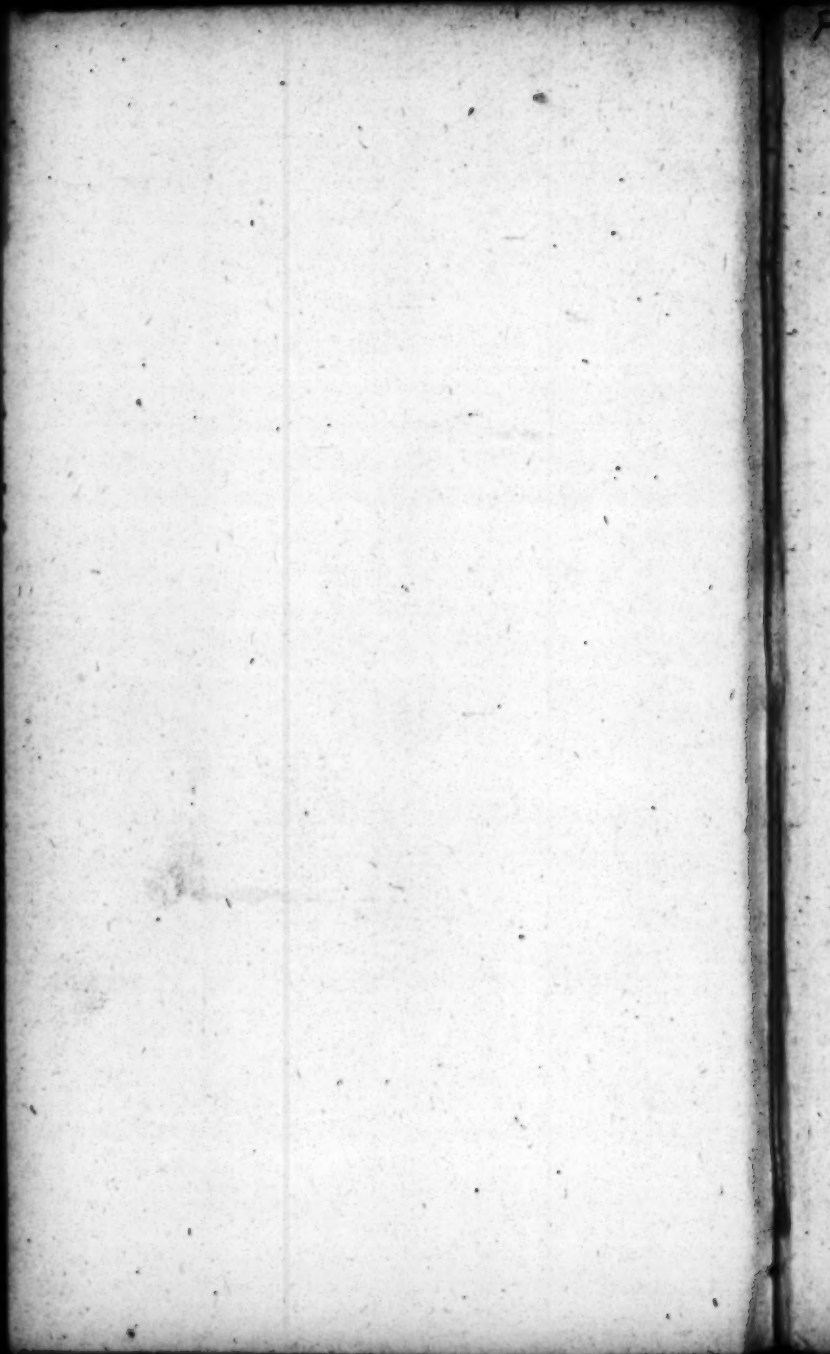
Thus you see what are now the Religious Sentiments of the Fugitive Queen: we ought to believe that her Heart is sincere, and that she is too generous to disguise it. Nevertheless, together with this Devotion she cannot avoid reserving still, so far as I can find, some spare Hours to enjoy the Sweets of a sanctify'd Amour; by vertue of which, the one half of her Sins is pardon'd, when they are only committed with the Fathers of the Church, who extenuate the Crimes by their secret and particular Morals. I shall conclude, desiring the Reader to believe me, as one that is pretty well Convinc'd of the Truth which I have deliver'd.

F I N I S.









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